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Bellefonte Republican.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, July 17, 1893.

Indications increase as the time for the meeting of the extra session draws nearer that there will be just as bitter a fight among the democrats over the tariff as there will be over silver, and whether correctly or not Mr. Cleveland is now classed among those democrats who will favor a revision of the tariff on protection lines. The attempt on the part of the administration to centre public attention on the silver question was the deliberate and intentional result of the conviction that it would be suicidal both for the democratic party and for the country for the democratic Congress to keep the pledges made by the Chicago platform, in the construction of a tariff bill, and that it was necessary to draw public attention from the tariff in order to prevent the change of attitude being so noticeable. The free trade wing of the democratic party in Congress, mostly from the south and west, are just beginning to catch the drift of this movement and they say that they will demand that Congress carry out the party platform and wipe out so much of the tariff as represents protection to home industries, and open our markets to the manufactures of the world.

It seems more probable now than at any time since the election that the Republicans in Congress may by acting with that wing of the democratic party which will vote for moderate protection be able to prevent the utter destruction of many American industries that cannot possibly exist without some protection. But even with the hardest work on the part of the republicans it is probable that the reductions made in the present duties will be large enough to cause a general reduction in wages throughout the United States, in order to allow our goods to compete with the products of European labor, but a reduction in wages, bad as it is, is preferable to the entire loss of employment that would necessarily follow a triumph of the free trade wing of the democratic party.

The alleged news of the preparation by England to resist by force the decision of the Behring Sea Arbitration should it be in favor of the United States, as it must be if the arbitrators decide without prejudice, found a few people here who took it seriously, but most people regard it as merely one of the stories of the silly season, through which the world usually passes at this season of the year. Such action on the part of England would mean war, and England does not want war with us; it would precipitate the inevitable loss of her possessions on this continent.

Secretary Morton is one of the most persistent seekers after free advertising in the present cabinet. Scarcely a day passes that he does not announce some alleged reform in some branch of the Agricultural Department, but as far as can be seen the only reform is in the announcement.

In order to give the new democratic chiefs of divisions in the Interior Department full swing to promote democrats without regard to their merits the board of promotion created by Secretary Noble for the purpose of deciding what employees were entitled to promotion has been abolished and all promotions are to be made on the recommendations of the chiefs, a system which has in the past made the chiefs petty tyrants and in more than one instance blackmailers of the clerks under them.

It is admitted on the quiet by Mr. Crisp's friends that there is to be lots of shaking up in the membership of the House committees, and that a good many democrats who had prominent and desirable committee places in the last House will be given only minor places in the coming reorganization. They do not feel free yet to openly boast of these changes, which have in reality been ordered by Mr Cleveland, for although there is no candidate in sight to make a fight against the election of Crisp to be speaker they realize that a combination might be made within forty-eight hours of the time for holding the democratic caucus that might do the business for Crisp and upset things generally. Representative Bland, of Missouri, who has been chairman of the coinage committee whenever the house has been democratic, for lo these many years, is to be left out in the cold and they are saying that he has consented, but that is doubtful. Springer is to be sat upon hard and instead of hitting back with his good right hand he and his friends are begging that he be given his old place at the head of the Ways and Means committee and expressing his willingness to make any promises that may be required. It is believed, however, that he is needlessly humbling himself and that he has no chance of getting his old place. Holman also is to go. His economy was good enough when one branch of Congress was republican, but now the democrats want to get the cash.

COST OF DEMOCRATIC RULE.

The Republican has before called attention editorially to the enormous shrinkage in stocks and bonds since the election of President Cleveland and the transfer of the administration, in all its branches, to the democracy. Not a word has been published in controversion of those figures or if so the Republican has failed to see it, and it is therefore fair to assume that they are unanswerable.

A shrinkage in the nation's wealth of over a billion dollars is a fearful evidence of the popular distrust of the party in power. It is futile to attribute this enormous fall in values, stoppage of industries increase of idle men, and scarcity of loans—this record of failures and suspension with which the daily press is freighted to the Sherman law. The facts are against such a theory, for it was not until the commercial world was threatened with a disastrous revolution of the tariff and a revival of wild cat currency that the popular lack of confidence in the future began.

The repeal of the Sherman law, if it could be effected to day, would not restore business confidence. The rapid change from prosperity to depression and fear is entirely due to the fact that the intelligence and thrift of the country have lost faith in Cleveland and his free-trade congress, and no account of persuasion on the part of Democratic newspapers, nor "statements" put forth by the administration can restore that faith.

Referring to that aspect of the financial situation the New York Press aptly and thruthfully says:

The Democratic party has declared that it will revolutionize every industrial condition. It has demanded the restoration of the irredeemable state bank currency of ante-bellum day. It has pledged itself to repeal the tariff that maintains American industrial independence and American standards of living in the house of labor. It has denounced the captains of American industry as robbers and oppressors; it has proclaimed them the enemies of society, and urged the necessity of making their investment valueless, and of depriving them of the power to give employment to American workingmen. In the fore front of this crusade of anarchy and falsehood Grover Cleveland has been found. He has shown himself the eager enemy of his country's industries and progress. He has played the part of a demagogue without conscience or patriotism, in order to win the applause of the ignorant and reactionary elements of his party. With such a man in the presidential chair and such a party as the Democracy dominant in both branches of congress, stoppage of enterprise, dearth of credit and widespread disaster to the interest of the nation were inevitable. Search the Sherman law for the causes of the nation's loss of more than a billion dollars since November and you will search in vain. The factors which have changed confidence into distrust and prosperity into panic are not found in the statute books. They are found in the demands of the Chicago platform, and the record of the Democratic party.—

A BILLION DOLLAR ROBBER.

In four months Cleveland's administion has accomplished the most gigantic robbery in history. It has robbed the American people of one billion dollars. Under the administration of Benjamin Harrison the nation steadily grew in prosperity and wealth. The McKinley law gave a new impetus to industrial development. It built new factories and enlarged those already constructed. Work was plentiful. Wages of labor were greater in their purchasing power than any other time since the foundation of the Republic. Our exports increased in an unprecedented degree. Nobody thought of doubting either the power or the purpose of the government to maintain the absolute integrity of its currency. Confidence in the resources and future progress of the nation was universal.

Mr. Cleveland and his party have reversed all these conditions in a little more than a hundred days. Distrust has succeeded confidence, construction has succeeded expansion, loss has followed gain. The prospect of free trade and debased currency has sent capital into concealment and put a stop to progress. The administration has multiplied disaster by its stubborn refusal to protect business interests. The crash of banks, the ruin of citizens, the general depreciation of securities in every form have gone on until the loss to the people since March 4th aggregates $1,000,000,000.

The party of destruction has proven true to its record. The last time it had full control of the government it wrecked the nation at the rate of $250,000,000 a month since Grover Cleveland was inaugurated. —*New York Press.*

—W. F. Reeder, wife and son Wallace, returned from a visit to the World's Fair last Thursday.

THE VETERANS WILL DEFEND THEMSELVES.

It has been assumed that, however great the prejudice of the Cleveland Administration against the old soldiers of the Union, the Cleveland Administration would make a pretence, at least, of complying with the law. Recent facts, however, point the other way. The law is ignored and its plain dictates disobeyed by men holding authority over the Pension Office. A flagrant instance of violation of law is the refusal to pay to the minor children of Stephen Hilliard the pension due to him at the time of his death. The statute on the subject is explicit. It says:

If any pensioner has died or shall hereafter die, or if any person entitled to a pension, having an application therefor pending, has died, or shall hereafter die, his widow, or if there is no widow, the child or children of such person, under the age of 16 years, shall be entitled to receive the accrued pension to the date of the death of such person.

Stephen Hilliard was a brave soldier of the Union, with an excellent record. He enlisted in August, 1862, in the 14th Pennsylvania infantry, and when his time expired he re-enlisted in the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry. He did his duty faithfully and was honorably discharged at the close of the war. He became a farmer in Michigan and was a man of integrity and industry. A stroke of paralysis disabled him about three years ago, and he applied for a pension. His wife had died some time before, and, besides being physically incapacitated, he became destitute, with minor children dependent upon him. In July, 1892, a certificate was issued to Mr. Hilliard for a pension of $12 a month. Three days before the arrival of the vouchers for the first payment of his pension he died. A guardian was appointed for the orphan children, in order that they might receive the money, but payment was refused on the ground that under a recent decision of the Secretary of the Interior the children were not entitled to the accrued pension.

Here is a distinct defiance of the statute as quoted above. There have been other cases equally outrageous, the official violators of law apparently assuming that crippled old men and destitute orphans may be wronged with impunity. But the officials in question are likely to find out that such is not the case. Members of the G. A. R. are preparing to meet the soldier haters with a demand upon the courts to enforce the law. The Kansas Department of the Grand Army has determined to come to the assistance of its members who have been or may be unjustly stricken from the pension rolls, and will employ attorneys to enforce their rights before the Court of Claims. The Kansas Grand Army men declare that the pensioners have complied with all the forms of the law and have established their disabilities before the proper boards; that their applications and proofs have been examined and passed upon by proper boards, and that, therefore, the Secretary of the Interior has no power summarily to suspend them and compel them again to prove their disabilities. This contention is so manifestly sound and just that it is difficult to understand what defense can be offered to it by the officials in control of the Pension Office, unless they attempt to prove that they are above the law.

IT IS THE PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

The demagogic assertion has recently been made that the tremendous loss inflicted upon the nation by the threat of Democratic free trade mattered little to the masses of the people since the sufferers from the shrinkage in the value of securities and the paralysis of credit were mainly wealthy men. No more flagrant falsehood was ever uttered.

It is supremely absurd to assert, as a large number of Democratic organs and politicians are continually asserting that there is a capitalistic "class" in this country. This is not a country of "classes." In the United States the employee of to-day is the employer of to-morrow. Every one of the hundreds of thousands of workingmen who owns his home is a capitalist. Every laborer who has a savings bank account is a capitalist. Every farmer who owns his farm is a capitalist. The overwhelming majority of the American people are capitalists, and the number is constantly increasing with the growth of population in this republic.

It is the multitude of small capitalists—the merchants who have risen to the conduct of a modest business by skill and honorable industry, the manufacturers whose establishments are on a moderate scale and who employ but a few hands each and the people savings are invested in securities—that have been impoverished. The workingman in the factory has been made poorer by the Democratic declaration of war on American industries, which has made it impossible for his employer to sell his goods at a fair profit. The farmer has been made poorer by the curtailment of the home market through the lessening of the abitity of the wage earner to buy his products. It is the masses—the "plain people"—who have been the victims of the Democratic policy of confiscation and destruction. Every factory that closes down or restricts its output, is one more item in the robbery of the voters by Grover Cleveland and the party of free trade.

THAT "BALD-HEADED" PENSION.

Hoke Smith thought he had struck "a rich pocket" when he found that a pension was being paid to a man for loss of hair. The democratic papers raised a great hue and cry about a pension being paid to "a bald headed man." In speaking of this an exchange says:

"The truth has at last been developed about that bald-headed pension, which has been giving the soldier-haters so much aid and comfort.

The pension was for $4 a month, and granted to Allen G. Peck, a most excellent soldier, who served in the Rhode Island Artillery, and who has been for years a respected resident of Providence, R. I. His acquaintances cannot speak too highly of him either as a citizen or a soldier.

A few years ago he was attacked by a severe case of typhoid fever, from which he barely escaped with his life. As is well known, typhoid fever always leaves a train of debilitating sequelæ, more or less malignant in character. During comrade Peck's illness he lost every particle of hair on his body, and had no more upon him when he recovered than there is upon a new-born babe. In his affidavit he set forth this fact as showing the severity of the illness from which he had suffered.

The board of Examining Surgeons found that the typhoid fever had left the comrade in a very debilitated state, and particularly that it had produced very large varicose veins, which in themselves would have been sufficient reason for a pension. It was at first suggested to allow the pension for the varicose veins, but it was found that Peck's affidavit made no reference to these, and so, having in view the unusual severity of the attack of fever, as indicated by the entire loss of hair, the pension was alowed "loss of hair, result of typhoid fever."

The case will not be allowed to rest as it is. Acting under instructions from Commander-in-Chief Weissert, immediate steps will be taken to apply for an increase of Comrade Peck's pension, so that the merits of the case can be brought up in a regular way and the public informed as to all the facts."

AN ODD MONOPOLY.

One man makes all the ink with which the United States government prints its paper money. His father invented the ink, but he never told anybody how he did it until just before he died, when he let his son into the secret. Had an untimely accident gathered the inventor to his fathers before he told his son about the ink the government printer would have been in a bad way, for this is the only kind of ink that will print on the peculiar surface of the fibre of which the government note paper is made.

The maker employs only six men in the manufacture of his ink, and none of them is in the secret, nor has any one yet seen the interesting act of mixing the ingredients of which the ink is composed. The owner of the secret locks himself in his own room two weeks in each year, and it is there and then that he mixes stuff enough to supply the government with ink for the ensuing twelve months.

The process of locking himself up surrounds him with an air of romance something like that of the man whom Balzac made to search for the alkahest, the only difference being that the alkahest fellow shut himself up for a lifetime and got nothing, besides alienating the affections of his wife, while the other locks himself up for two weeks and gets $50,000 a year.—[N. Y. Home Journal.

It would take a regiment of a thousand men, working at the rate of two dollars a day each, every day in the week and every week in the year, just one thousand three hundred and nineteen years to earn the one billion dollars which four months of this democratic administration have cost the people of the United States.

There is no lack of money in the United States. It is lack of confidence owing to free trade threats and Democratic misrule that is shaking the business of the country.

Some of the Cleveland organs that are now denouncing John Sherman will welcome his leadership a month hence in helping to pull the Cleveland administration out of its financial mudhole.

Now that Mr. Cleveland is laid up with rheumatism, the impudent democrat who has refused a postoffice because he called the president a "fat old stiff," probably thinks he is having his revenge.

LENGTH OF SERVICE OF PENSIONERS.

We have heard a great amount of talk even among old soldiers about pensions being given to men who rendered very little service. This *lie* was started by the democrats to hurt pensioners, worthy as well as unworthy, growing out of a hatred of all pensioners as a class and in fact all union soldiers; and further, this lie has been accepted as a fact by many old soldiers and others without investigation.

Apropos of the statement constantly reiterated that the pension-roll is crowded with three-months men and "eleventh-hour soldiers," it will be interesting to study a table prepared by Maj. S. L. Taggart, Chief of the Army and Navy Survivors' Division of the Pension Bureau, from a study of the records of about two-thirds of the present number of invalid pensioners on the roll. The first column gives the months of service of pensioners, and the second the number who served that length of time:

Months	*No.*	*Months*	*No.*	*Months*	*No.*
1	572	26	4,841	51	1,670
2	1,624	27	4,176	52	1,502
3	8,328	28	3,722	53	769
4	20,713	29	3,593	54	676
5	10,997	30	3,822	55	593
6	10,577	31	3,538	56	388
7	12,418	32	4,679	57	366
8	12,477	33	11,697	58	249
9	22,617	34	31,517	59	218
10	23,454	35	19,430	60	362
11	13,629	36	31,500	61	102
12	14,568	37	17,738	62	99
13	9,431	38	9,672	63	105
14	7,219	39	5,641	64	110
15	8,366	40	3,164	65	125
16	10,999	41	2,709	66	113
17	12,595	42	2,542	67	55
18	12,292	43	3,181	68	56
19	10,286	44	2,765	69	43
20	9,534	45	5,328	70	52
21	7,818	46	6,284	71	175
22	6,879	47	5,674	72	1,559
23	6,624	48	5,172		
24	8,383	49	3,847		
25	5,752	50	2,378		

By this it will be seen that the great bulk of the pensioners served from one to three years.

There are 572 men who served only one month who receive pensions; but are not these men as worthy of help from the government as the men who served three years? If not, we should like to know why. No men were enlisted for one month and if a man should lose a leg in the first month of service, which would unfit him, of course, for further service, is he not as much entitled to a pension as the man who served three years before he meets with such a misfortune? Looking at it in this light we do not see that length of service has so very much to do with the true merits of the question, the discussion of it in the way it has been talked up only being calculated to prejudice the unthinking mind against pensioners as a class. These and similar stories start with men, rebels at heart and not even the better class of rebels but mean, contemptible, low-lived rebel hounds, who ought to have no influence with any decent party or among decent men.

CUTTING DOWN PENSIONS.

The pension bureau has notified a great many pensioners throughout the entire country who are drawing pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, known as the dependent pension act, that payement of their pensions will be suspended for sixty days, during which time they are required to show cause why they should continue to draw pensions. The testimony necessary to prevent their being dropped from the rolls is the certificate of reputable physicians, attested by two witnesses, to the effect that the pensioners is precluded from active labor owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits. In case no attention is paid the department notification within sixty days the pensioners will be dropped from the rolls.

On the other hand, should the necessary certificate, properly drawn up and signed, be forwarded to the pension bureau the pensioner will be requested to appear before the local board of medical examiners for examination as to his condition. This action is pursuant to the recent ruling of Secretary Smith to the effect that a pensioner under act of June 27, 1890, drawing a pension for total disability must be shown to be physically incapable of manual labor.

The board of review appointed to carry into effect that decision, is now going over all the cases of June 27, 1890, probably one hundred thousand in number, and selecting the cases which show in the records that the pensioner may not be incapacitated from manual labor. In the cases thus selected the pensioners are notified, as before stated to prove their total disability to the department or cease to draw pensions. Under Secretary Smith's ruling the department holds that a man who can work should not draw pension for total disability. It is estimated at the pension office, although the work has but recently been begun, that something over 1,000 suspensions have already been made. It will be seen that these soldiers, with a rebel chief at the head of the pension department, are never likely to be free from trouble. They have once proved up their claims, they have been passed upon by the proper authorities and the pensions ordered paid, now here comes a man who without warning suspends them and makes them go to proving up their claim a second time. The rule ought to be, "what is done is done."

THE SITUATION AS IT IS.

A great many business men and politicians are whistling to keep their courage up; and you hear them say, and see in the papers of all parties, such encouraging words as "The Outlook Brighter," when the fact is that mills are shutting up all over the country, banks are failing and the poor are getting hungry. The Republican sounded a note of warning all last fall, but the people took little heed. Men who were earning good wages thought times would be better if we had a change. Now they are out of work, how do you like the change? Farmers complained because wheat was down to 85 and 90 cents per bushel; now it is down to 60 and 65. How do you like the change? Iron was selling at a fair price; now it will not sell at all. How do you like the change? You claimed the tariff was a tax; now we feel the possibility that it may be taken off and all business is in the worst kind of a panic—how do you like the change? To those who are old enough to remember, we call their attention to the fact that these are good old democratic times like those before the war, when, as the last democratic president of that era claimed, that ten cents a day was wages enough for a laboring man, thereby honestly earning the title of ten cent Jimmy. In those days, strange to say, the democratic party claimed to be the friend of the laboring man, "the poor man's party," while then as now it was his worst enemy. It claimed then as it claims now, that it was opposed to the accumulation of wealth; tried to set the poor against the rich, as though a country could be prosperous without wealthy men under a competitive system. Then, as now, they were governed with a fatal hallucination that it was better to buy goods in Europe than to make them at home. Like the farmer who has the mechanical skill to make a wagon complete, has the tools, the iron, the lumber, and sits around the house on rainy days doing nothing and buys a wagon with twenty-five bushel of wheat. This would be a democratic farmer acting up to his principles. A republican farmer who would act up to his principles, would make his wagon on rainy days when he could do nothing else, and finally he would have his wagon and seventy-five bushels of wheat; the other would have his wagon and no wheat. Which, think you, would be the better off? And this is the way with a nation that buys its goods abroad and allows its own people to remain idle. And this is the difference in the nation between democratic and republican times. The democratic party says buy your goods in Europe, the republican says make them at home and save the money. The trouble with our democratic friends is, we believe, they think only of the possible cent to be gained by the individual when we should sink the single man in the nation and remember that a nation to grow rich must make all it can at home and sell all it can to other nations. Is this not so? Just think it over.

TEACHERS ELECTED.

At a meeting of the school Board last week the following teachers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

STONE BUILDING.

Superintendent—Prof D. O. Etters.
Senior Grammar—J. F. Harrison, Jr.
" " Miss F. Kate Hewes.
Junior Grammar—Miss Annie McCafferty
" " Miss Jennie Strirkland.
2nd Primary—Miss Millie Smith.
" " Miss Annie Stott.
1st Primary—Miss Bessie Dorworth.

BRICK BUILDING.

Prin High school—G W Johnstonbaugh.
Asst " " S. Lewis Ammerman.
" " " Miss Laura Wright.
Senion Grammar—Miss Ella Levy.
Junior Grammar—Miss Carrie Weaver.
2nd Primary—Miss Rose Fox.
Secondary—Miss Kate M. Powers.
1st Primary—Miss Bella K. Rankin.

S. Lewis Ammerman, of Danville, who was elected assistant Principal of the High school, is a graduate of Lafayette College. The State will appropriate to Bellefonte for free text books the sum of $500, but this cannot be drawn until 1894. The school district will therefore furnish the money this year, although they cannot get it from the state for almost a year. The regular appropaiation from the state to Bellefonte Schools is $3,950.

—Dick Garman, wife and child, of Philadelphia, are visiting his father at his palatial residence on High street.

SHOOTING OF CORBETT

A Detective Story, Wrong-End Foremost, by Fielding.

The Difficulty in This Case Was to Find An Innocent Man Who Couldn't Be Convicted with Perfect Ease—A Surplus of Evidence.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

The value of circumstantial evidence is too serious a subject to treat with levity. I would not jest about it for ten dollars a column. Judges at large salaries and jurors at three dollars a day and board may make it ridiculous if they so desire. That is a question between them and their conscience. As for me, I tell the story of the shooting of Dick Corbett because I believe that it will be a valuable contribution to the discussion which recent remarkable criminal trials have evoked. There is no fiction here. I have not altered a single detail. Indeed I was not tempted. The facts are sufficiently absurd to suit my contention that by circumstantial evidence anything except the truth can be proven.

Dick Corbett, at twenty-one, was the editor of the Daily News of Aurora, Ill. Jake Siegmund owned the paper and set the type.

Journalism in Aurora was then in the genial stage. Every man who fig-

THE PLOT THICKENS.

ured in print, whether he was notable for benevolence or burglary, was described as "the genial" Mr. So-and-So. Meanwhile, scandal was boiling so hard in the town that one could stand twenty miles out on the prairie and hear it sizzle. A trained metropolitan journalist could have gone into Aurora and wrecked a dozen homes the first day. The stories told across back fences, if proven in court, would have filled the jails with genial citizens. These possibilities, however, were studiously overlooked by the editors of the local papers.

Corbett was a bright young man, but he was not wholly exempt from the errors appropriate to his years. He believed that editors were great men, and his ideas about proprietors were somewhat vague. Therefore, when Siegmund, sold out to Willis B. Hawkins, Dick was surprised almost as much as he was grieved to find that his own share in this transaction was represented by the key of the street in a tin box. When, in the course of some days, Dick discovered that, after all, he was only the cube root of himself, he went to Hawkins and asked for a job. Hawkins was editor and Siegmund was still sticking type, so that there didn't seem to be any great demand for Dick, but his entreaties prevailed.

"Your work," said Hawkins, "will be to get me one sensation a week."

For some months this was easy. All the good old yarns that had been ready for so long, were spun, and Dick made from one to a dozen deadly enemies every Thursday. That was scandal day with the News, and it became much more popular than Sunday in Aurora.

But at last the crop was reaped. There came a Wednesday when Dick

THE DOCTOR FIXED HIM.

had no sensation. He announced the fact to Hawkins in the morning.

"What, no sensation?" cried the able editor. "Well, Dick, I'm sorry for you, but—"

"Sorry for me? Why, what do you mean?"

"I thought that you understood our agreement," said Hawkins. "You were to get a sensation every week."

"But there isn't any this week."

"There must be. Your position depends upon it."

The death rattle could be heard in Dick's throat. No man with any trace of pity could view his distress unmoved.

"If there isn't any sensation this week you must make one," said Hawkins, kindly. "Can't you get somebody to assault you?"

"Dimmock, the dentist, has been threatening to shoot me," said Dick, brightening.

"That's good. Go call on him. Tell him you've got another story about him, worse than the last one."

Dick grabbed his hat and ran. In ten minutes he was back again, looking very blue.

"Dimmock's not in his office," he said. "They say he's on a spree and nobody knows where to find him."

Hawkins looked at the young man severely.

"I see that I'll have to manage this affair for you," he said. "Go home and get your silk hat, that one you discarded last week. Bring it here wrapped in a paper."

The hat was brought. When Dick appeared with it, Hawkins drew a revolver from a drawer in his desk, and said: "Come with me."

They went to the outskirts of the town, and, in a deserted gravel pit under the shelter of a high bluff, set the hat on a mullein stalk. Then Hawkins put a bullet through it.

"Now we'll call on Dr. Gilson," said he, in an encouraging tone, to his young assistant, "and get him to cut a hole in your head."

The genial Dr. Gilson was a stern-faced old fellow who liked a joke better than any other man in Aurora.

"Why certainly," said he, when the matter had been explained to him; "sit right down here, Dick, and I'll fix you up so that any doctor in town will swear that you've had a bullet along your scalp."

Dick did not utterly enjoy himself while the doctor was artistically making a bullet wound to match the hole in the hat; but he survived the operation.

In those days all Aurora went to the post office immediately after supper. On the day in question there was the usual crowd about seven o'clock. At that hour Hawkins and Dick walked up the main street, and separated at a corner in full view of the throng. Corbett walked down a cross street which led towards his home. Fifty yards from the main street he came to an alley which was quite dark. He looked all around. Nobody was watching. He took off the light hat with the hole in it, and rubbed the wound in his head to make it bleed, according to the directions from his medical adviser. Then he fired the revolver in the air; flung it as far as he could up the alley, and fell on the sidewalk.

There was a crowd around him in no time. He was tenderly raised from the ground, and borne into a livery stable near by where he was laid upon a bench. Among the first to arrive was Dr. Gilson. Two or three other doctors were in the crowd. They examined the wound and unanimously pronounced it serious. There were indications that the skull had been fractured.

Hawkins stood, meanwhile, at the feet of his wounded assistant. He observed with pleasure that Dick was pale as a ghost. In fact the young man was nearly fainting with excitement.

The air was full of execrations. The hat with a hole in it was passed from hand to hand. It was openly said that the assassin could expect to ornament

THEY ALL HAD EVIDENCE.

a lamp-post before morning, if he should be caught. The mayor stood on at the door of the stable and officially offered five hundred dollars reward for evidence leading to conviction.

The News had its sensation on the following day. There had never been such a story in Aurora before. All the theories of the shooting were given, and as everybody had one, and no two were alike, there wasn't much else in the paper. Hawkins offered a reward of one thousand dollars and undying fame to the detective who should solve the puzzle. The news spread in a twinkling, and the size of the reward brought all the amateur detectives within a hundred miles to Aurora. The city was full of mysterious strangers who looked out of the corners of their eyes, and wore slouch hats pulled down over their brows.

And these fellows did more than pose on the street corners; they got evidence. They got more of it than any human being could tell what to do with. The pistol was found in the alley, and the ownership was traced to something like a hundred different people. No end of hardware dealers remembered having sold it to suspicious looking characters whose description they gave. It was an easy way for a dealer to get his name into print. These descriptions never failed to fit one or another of the men whom Dick had "exposed" in the News. In fact it would have been hard to imagine a description which couldn't fit somebody who was known to have a grudge against him.

These early developments Hawkins handled with comparative ease. He set one against another, and succeeded in so scattering suspicion that there was little danger of an arrest. But presently the case took on a more serious aspect. A baker who had a shop on the corner of the alley already mentioned called upon Hawkins and told a perfectly straight story which rather staggered the author of this plot.

The baker said that he had been kneading bread by a window which opened on the alley. He had seen the shot fired and could describe the villain. He did describe him, and that description fitted Dimmock better than his epidermis. The baker, however, did not pretend to have recognized the man. He had seen him run up the alley. It happened that a flight of stairs led directly from Dimmock's office into this alley. His threats against Dick were well known. Here was motive, opportunity and everything else necessary to the needs of an intelligent jury.

I may as well say right here that the baker simply lied. He craved notoriety. He wanted to get his name into the papers. At such times we occasionally forget that our fellow men will lie; but they will. The best witness, the most positive witness, the most convincing witness I ever heard was a man who, to my certain knowledge, had not told the truth in eleven years.

Well, the baker wanted to know what Hawkins was going to do about it. That was just what the able editor wanted to know, but he didn't. However, he persuaded the baker to wait a few days before hanging anybody, and he promised to print a modified version of the stay which would be a good enough advertisement for a bakery, but would not quite amount to a conviction of Dimmock.

The next day no less than a dozen detectives called with additional proof against the dentist. There was enough to convict him a dozen times over. Nothing saved him from arrest except the diligence with which Hawkins boomed certain other theories of the crimes, inconsistent with Dimmock's guilt. There were at least twenty other persons who were strongly suspected and who had from one to ten detectives watching them.

The only difficulty was to find an innocent person. Every man in the city who had been a victim of one of Dick's sensations provided himself with the best alibi he could beg or buy, and waited in perspiring suspense for somebody to come and arrest him. Dimmock, being hampered in his search for an alibi by the fact that he could not himself remember where he had been at that time, consoled himself with the flowing bowl, and was popularly supposed to be drowning his remorse.

Then, one day, there came to Hawkins' office a hard-headed, shrewd old fellow who had been deputy United States marshal of that district, and was then a detective of some prominence. We will call him Capt. Gay. He was a different sort of man from the amateur Hawkshaws who had preceded him. He looked Hawkins straight in the eye and said, in a calm voice: "I've got your man."

Hawkins' spinal marrow was a trifle cold as he asked: "Who is he?"

"John Blank," replied the detective, with decision.

Then he outlined his case. It was absolutely iron-clad. Not a point but was supported by a half-dozen credible witnesses. Blank had been seen in a saloon near the alley just before the shooting. He had exhibited a revolver exactly like that found in the alley, and had said in the presence of several men that he was going out to look for Dick Corbett. The man had been the subject of a very unpleasant story in the News. From the saloon the detective had traced Blank directly to the ally.

He had next been seen at his boarding house, half an hour after the shooting, and had been noticeably excited. He had given the information that Corbett had been killed, and had afterwards told of a story of his whereabouts which made it impossible that he should have learned anything about the shooting. The detective had watched him for several days, and had discovered that he had prepared to leave the city forever, and had told conflicting stories as to where he was going. The clothes which he had worn on that day corresponded exactly with the baker's description. In size and general appearance, he strongly resembled Dimmock, the dentist.

In conclusion the detective announced his belief—and I agree with him—that these facts would secure a conviction in any court. He proposed to arrest Blank that night when he returned to work.

The effect of this story upon Hawkins can be imagined. For nearly two weeks he had watched that alley get more and more crowded with desperate assassins until it was impossible to see how they could all have discharged their weapons without shooting one another. His nerve was beginning to weaken, and he had almost come to the conclusion that confession was the only refuge. However, he put Capt. Gay off for twenty-four hours by claiming to know that the criminal was not Blank. Meanwhile he prepared his confession. But it proved to be unnecessary. At the time appointed Capt. Gay returned to the Daily News office and settled the whole business in these words:

"We're too late. Blank is dead."

It was true. The man had been killed in a Chicago freight yard. From that time the excitement subsided. It was whispered that Capt. Gay had found the criminal and that he was dead. Gradually the other detectives abandoned the case. But if Blank had not died just as he did, nothing in the world but Hawkins confession would have saved Blank from the penitentiary. Indeed, it may be doubted whether even that would have saved him, for, when some years later, that confession was actually printed in Aurora, nobody believed it. It was taken for a joke.

Remember that I have stated the exact facts in this case. With the aid of circumstantial evidence either of the two men whom the prosecuting officer had selected could have been convicted of the shooting of Dick Corbett—either of those two, certainly, and any one of a dozen others, probably.

Which is why I remark that by circumstantial evidence collected in the usual manner anything but the truth can be proven. HOWARD FIELDING.

A Cement for Iron and Stone.

Lavaoid is a cement for iron and stone that is now being introduced by a Vienna firm. The Austrian authorities speak of the compound in the highest terms. It consists of sulphur, iron, silicic acid and alumina, and it is used in a molten condition. Its applications in iron and stone work are stated to be numerous. It serves also as an electric insulator. It melts at one hundred and twenty-five degrees C., and cools quickly.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE LAND BEYOND.

"The grass withereth, the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter, i, 24, 25.

The daisy and the buttercup—
What memories they bring,
How they recall the happy hours
Of joyous childhood's spring;
Again we view the meadows green
Our tiny feet once trod,
We cull afresh the violet blue
And press the velvet sod.

O happy days of guileless mirth,
Of bounding joy and health,
When summer days were deemed too short
And flowers a hoard of wealth:
Our sky looked ever azure then
(Alas! how changed now)!
For never grief had lingered o'er
Our glad young heart and brow.

Oh, in sweet spring's delightsome hours
We muse on bygone years,
And thoughts oft thrill our spirit's chords
Which fills the eyes with tears;
Akin to pain, yet full of joy,
No words their depths express,
Those only who have felt their power
Learn not to love them less;

For there's a land, the glory-land,
Of spring-time ever fair,
Where flowers of joy immortal bloom,
The tree of life is there;
No sin, no tears, no clouds, no night,
How bright that land must be!
For Jesus is its glorious light,
And all His glory see.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.

ALL BEING CULTIVATED.

Two Advertisements and Some of the Things Which They Suggested.

These words I read in an advertisement of a farm offered for sale. Just below it was an advertisement of another farm, of which the description stated that forty out of one hundred acres were "under good cultivation."

That set me thinking about myself and some other people whom I know. I wondered if we were to apply this test to our natures, with which God has endowed us, how much of them we, whom He calls His husbandmen, could truthfully say are "under good cultivation."

The more I thought about it the more did the picture of these two farms rise up before my mind. The one with the trees, the logs, the stumps, the underbrush all cleared away; every inch of it plowed and sowed with some crop; every foot of ground subject to the hand of the farmer and bringing into him at the end of the season a harvest to repay him for his investment and his labor. The other farm I could see, having the same number of acres, costing the same amount of purchase money, but only partly fenced. Here was a jungle; there was a swamp; here was a field of brambles; there the forest; while but two or three fields were fenced and plowed and yielding harvests of fruit and grain.

How much, I thought, is this like some of us? Then I began to look around for that in myself which might be said to be not "under good cultivation." I thought first of my temper, and whether it were under as good cultivation as it might be.

I had just been undergoing that day the ordeal of shopping in a large dry-goods store, and when I looked back over the day's experience I could remember with some degree of dissatisfaction with myself how I had become exasperated with the waste of time, the misunderstandings, the inefficiency and discourtesy of salesmen, cash boys and floorwalkers, and how before I left I had distributed quite a number of curt complaints, and threats to report this one or that one, and had become unusually fussy and exacting in my choice, and caused a good deal of trouble to those who had to take down and rearrange the piles of goods, which, had I been in better humor, I could not have done without compunctions of conscience.

Coming out of the store in this mood I had run over a newsboy who was so busy trying to sell his papers that he put himself directly in front of me, and had given him quite a scolding about taking better care to keep out of people's way.

Hailing a car at the corner, the driver happened to be chatting with someone upon the platform instead of attending to his business, and went almost half a square past before I could get him to stop. And, naturally, he next came in for a share of my displeasure; and though I suppose he was used to it, and did not mind it in the least, I looked at him very severely while I jotted down his number in my book and left him with the consoling remark that "I would take the trouble to visit the superintendent's office the next day and see that his inattention was reported." I was not sure, had I cared to canvass the matter further, but that the gateman at the railway station, and perhaps the brakeman or conductor or newsboy on the train came in for a further infliction of that temper of mine. The conclusion forced itself home upon me that this was one part of my nature which could not be catalogued as "under good cultivation."

And the more I thought of it the more I became convinced that human nature is prone to be too easily satisfied with itself; and that as husbandmen for Him, we do not work as systematically and as perseveringly to bring all our possessions, whose purchase cost the blood of our Redeemer, into a state of "full cultivation," as does the good farmer his land.

Go over the matter with yourself, my friend, and see if you do not come to the same conclusion. How is it with you? Could you be catalogued as the first farm was; or, of the one hundred acres which your redeemed nature represents, would you be obliged to write down the humiliating words "only forty acres," or "twenty," or "ten," or "five," perhaps, "under good cultivation."—J. F. Cowan, in Christian at Work.

ONE SOURCE OF POWER.

A Simple Religious Faith the Foundation of Lincoln's Greatness.

Most persons are eager to know the source of the power of great men. To discover it, may be a cause to them of inspiration and success. What do the makers of civilization discard? What do they retain? Napoleon, the greatest ruler of France, discarded God and retained self. Lincoln, the most eminent American of this century, discarded self and reverenced God.

While most men's honesty is largely conventional, Lincoln's sprang from religious conviction. It was his misfortune to be frequently misunderstood. This was his greatest grief; but he tried to console himself by the thought that however he might be misapprehended by men, he was glad that no purpose or act of his escaped the observation of the Judge by whose final decree he expected to stand or fall, both here and hereafter.

There is something touching in the simple reliance upon Divine aid that our great president had. Prayer and the reading of the Bible were daily habits with him. His second inaugural address has been said, very truthfully, to be no less a genuine religious document than a state paper. His acknowledgment of God is woven through all his later speeches, letters and state messages.

Once he said: "I have been driven many times to ask Divine direction by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of men about me, seemed insufficient for the demands of the day."

In one of his hours of perplexity a friend said to him that because of the great responsibilities that rested upon him, he was daily remembered by those who prayed, not to be heard of men.

He caught the phrase and said: "Yes, I like that phrase 'not to be heard of men,' and think it is true as you say; at least I have been told so, and I have been greatly helped by just that thought."

Then he solemnly and slowly added, with a dreamy expression in his prophetic eyes—(called by a sculptor who had given many days to the study of President Lincoln's face, "the strangest and saddest eyes that ever mortal had")—"I should be foolishly presumptuous if I thought I could discharge for one day the duties which have fallen upon me, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

President Lincoln was a reticent man, and seldom spoke of his religious convictions. He was once asked if he could recall the moment when he resolved to enter upon a religious life. He said he was not conscious of any definite day when he had done this. He thought his election to the great office that he held determined him finally, in what he called "a process of crystallization" that had long been going on in his heart, to be governed by religious motives.

The testimony of this sincere man to the value of a religious life can hardly be overestimated. His personal relations to God were a ruling force in his daily life. History will never give a correct analysis of that life, unless it shows that the integrity and calmness that contributed to the accuracy of his judgment were largely founded upon his simple religious life.—Youth's Companion.

SOME CHEERFUL ECHOES.

Bright and Helpful Words from the Ram's Horn Columns.

The devil's goats are never fat.

The devil often dresses very nice.

A good tree can not bear bad fruit.

No temptation to sin ever comes from God.

A sin is the most dangerous when it is little.

A look toward the devil is as dangerous as a leap.

Before one can grow in grace, grace must grow in him.

The devil's masterpiece is probably a hypocrite.

The higher you raise a little man the more he shrinks.

You can not point to the cross with a frown on your face.

The most foolish of all foolishness is to fool with sin.

The Christian who never smiles has much to answer for.

Some people could pray better if they would pay better.

God wants a faithful witness in your family. Has He got one?

Believe like a Christian and you will be sure to live like one.

If we would have God's help we must work in God's way.

The hardest step that can be taken for Christ is the first one.

Experience is a good teacher, but she does not spare the rod.

The rich man in torment didn't blame anybody for his being there.

A sleepy Christian and a dusty Bible are generally found close together.

A great many people claim to believe the Bible who do not live that way.

The preacher fails who tries to preach a doctrine that hasn't been tested in his own heart.

The secret of effectual prayer is to believe that God wants to give us the very thing we are asking for.

It will not do to trust our feelings for an hour, but it is safe to depend on the Word of God forever.

Everytime the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that a godly life is the best thing on earth.

The way to be continually growing in the knowledge of God is to be continually testing His promises.

One of the sadest things that can be said of any man is that he is not willing to hear what God has to say.

Every book in the Bible was put there to teach us something about Christ that none of the others could do.

Isn't there something wrong if you get mad at the preacher whose sermons tell you that your life is sinful.

Many people are in the habit of trying to measure their own spiritual condition by somebody else's experience.

The great heroes of the church are people who do little things for God with no expectation that they will ever grow to be more than little things.

Don't be afraid to take your preacher home to dinner. There are many plain hints in the Bible that nobody can lose anything by having a godly man for a boarder.

Sunday of all days should be a cheerful one in the home—a veritable sunday. It was never intended for a gloomy day, and should not be invested with that property.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

THE TREMOR OF BATTLE.

Suspense Often Makes a Brave Man Act Like a Coward.

In the last year of the war, when immense bounties were offered and the draft forced men into the army, the coward was caught in the net with the brave man, but for the first two years cowardice in the face of the enemy was a thing unknown. The coward knew himself and refused to enlist. He did not appear until forced to by avarice or the provost marshal. Then he was an object of pity as well as of contempt.

The tremor of battle is a queer, strange thing. Had it not been so general it would have been mistaken for cowardice. It came not only with the first battle, but with the second, third, fourth—with each and every one down to the last. The veteran was afflicted as strongly as the raw recruit—the officer as well as the private. And yet

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

men knew not of themselves that they were afflicted. They saw it in others—others saw it in them.

Here is a regiment of cavalry on the left. On the right is a battery, with infantry supports lying down. Beyond the battery infantry are lying behind a breastwork. Beyond them there is heavy fighting. We have been sitting on our horses for an hour or more. We have lost five or six men and as many horses by stray bullets and fragments of shell. When we were wheeled into position here men were joking and laughing. We have not been under fire, but the suspense has been eating away at the nerves. We know why we are here. The enemy's right flank is opposite us, sheltered by the woods. It is flank against flank. We are watching each other. The horses catch the tremor first. They champ their bits and foam at the mouth. They toss their heads and paw the earth. The sweat starts out on the neck, the eye of every animal has a sullen, baleful look, and here and there a horse either tries to lie down or rears up and paws the air. We speak to them soothingly and kindly and stroke their necks. A dig of the spurs would render them uncontrollable. A harsh word might excite them to fury.

I am not afraid. This is my ninth battle. I have been twice wounded. I have been promoted for bravery in the face of the enemy. If the colonel should ask me to ride to the rear with an order I would beg that some one else be selected. And yet I am apparently suffering that mental and physical agony endured by a constitutional coward. My teeth chatter. My chin quivers. I feel so weak in the knees that I know I should fall down if out of the saddle. I am trembling from head to heel and my breathing is hoarse and labored. Is it fear? No! It does not occur to me that I am in the slightest danger. The suspense has simply relaxed my nerves and my mind cannot control them. The trooper on my right is as pale-faced as a dead man—the one on my left shakes like a man with the ague. It is so with all the others. We are waiting.

"Attention!"

"Ah! that's a relief to both men and horses! A body of the enemy's cavalry appears on the edge of the forest. Each man draws a long breath. The suspense is broken!

"Draw saber!"

Better and better! My teeth no longer chatter, but I find my jaws hard shut. The fingers gripping the hilt of my saber have found their strength. I can feel my horse pulling himself together under me.

"Forward—trot!"

At last we have something to do! The enemy is forming to charge the battery. We are moving out to fall upon him. The terror has vanished. I feel the strength of a giant in my sword arm, and my horse moves as if on springs.

"Gallop—charge—hurrah—'rah!"

Five minutes ago one might have looked us over and decided that we were a regiment of poltroons waiting for a chance to bolt to the rear. There are no laggards as we charge. Every man is using the spur—every voice is cheering. We are thundering on to certain death for some, but there is no fear—no care. With naked sabers flashing in the cloud of dust—with every horse at full gallop—with every trooper bending forward in his saddle, we strike the enemy as a wave rushes against a shore, and only brave men will be lying dead when the melee is ended. Afraid? Why, man, those of us who return to the flank curse the enemy that he did not give us a longer fight—curse our own officers for checking the pursuit before it led us into ambush and annihilation! That was to be expected. Tremor comes before the charge—exultation after it. The soldier has no control over either.—Detroit Free Press.

THE "oldest son of a veteran" in the United States is said to be John L. Mills, of Bradford, Mass., who is seventy-nine years old. His father, who was principal musician in the First United States infantry, though nearly eighty years old when the war broke out, was assigned to active duty, and was commissioned second lieutenant by President Lincoln. John E. Mills, his son, enlisted at the outbreak of the war, and had three sons who enlisted with him, so that three generations of the family saw service at the same time in the rebellion.

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Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why suffer with Rheumatism? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Neuralgia? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses BITTERS. No person can remain long sick who uses

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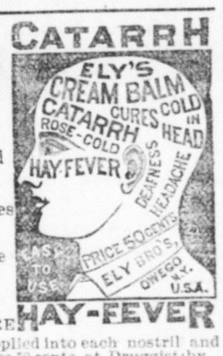

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TWO OF CHICAGO'S TOILETS.

JURORS DRAWN FOR THE AUGUST COURT.

GRANE JURORS.

George Shimmel, miner, Philipsburg.
Jacob A. Crider, lumberman, Boggs twp.
L. M. Walker, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Foster Beatty, farmer, Howard twp.
John Summers, teamster, S Philipsburg.
James Butler, laborer, Howard borough.
E C Rowe, superintendent, Philipsburg.
Wesley Crain, laborer, Huston township.
David Murphy laborer, Huston township.
William Garner, farmer, Ferguson twp.
John Kenyon, clerk, Philipsburg.
Jacob Hicks, farmer, Half Moon twp.
John Carson, farmer, Patton township.
S. T. Lobaugh, printer, Centre Hall.
Albert L. Schaeffer, carpenter, Walker twp.
Amos Dunkle, carpenter, Howard borough
William Ross, mason, Rush township.
Philip Young, gentleman, Worth twp.
W. H. Reifsnyder, auctioneer, Millheim.
Frank Spatzer, miner, Rush township.
Clayton Etters, miller, College township.
F. D. Hosterman, farmer, Fregg twp.
Robt. J Haines, gentlemen Snow Shoe.
Chas Humphrey, laborer, Philipsburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

R. H. Crosthwait saddler, Spring twp.
Fred Robb, farmer, Liberty, twp.
George Hodollar, laborer, Burnside twp.
Henry F Bartley, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Calvin Wieland, coachmaker, Harris twp.
Clayton Brown, Jr., merchant, Bellefonte.
George Ream, farmer, Gregg twp.
D. P. Shirey, farmer, Union twp.
Daniel Royer, farmer, Miles.
Reuben Crone, chairmaker, Worth twp.
John Confer, clerk, Milesburg borough.
John J Orndorf, farmer, Haines twp.
Joel King, farmer Marion twp.
Charles Whitehill, laborer, College twp.
Elias Breon, carpenter, Spring twp.
Wm H Hartman, machinist, Millheim.
S M McMurtrie, brickmaker, Spring twp.
H C Meese, teacher, Benner, twp.
Morris Furey, farmer, Spring twp.
John Hagan, sawyer, Howard.
Sinclair Batchelor, drayman, Rush twp.
J E Royer, clerk, Potter twp.
Thomas McGowen, agent, Snow Shoe.
Amos Tyson, farmer Ferguson twp.
Andrew Lytle, farmer, College twp.
George E Mensch, laborer, Millheim.
Clement Dale, teacher, College twp.
Daniel Harte, laborer, Marion twp.
Richard O'Neal, laborer, Rush.
Charles Loraine, clerk, Philipsburg.
Vinton Beckwith, farmer, Taylor twp.
Charles Richards, jeweler, Bellefonte.
William Homan, carpenter, College twp.
Chas. F. Cook, book keeper, Bellefonte.
Calvin Meyer, farmer, College township.
Albert Hoy, gentleman, College "
J. N. Hall, farmer, Howard "
John Korman, laborer, Haines "
James C. Boal, justice, Centre Hall.
John Breon, farmer, Millheim.
Thos. M. Adams, farmer, Boggs township.
Allen Brickley, farmer, Curtin township.
Thomas M. Weaver, farmer, Spring twp.
Charles Kennedy, laborer, Rush twp.
Douglas Waugh, laborer, Philipsburg.
Wilson Heaton, laborer, Boggs township.
Jas. M. Hartswick, teacher, Ferguson twp.
William Wasson, farmer, Patton twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Issac Beher, farmer, Half Moon.
A. F. Markle, butcher, College twp.
Augustus Newman, merchant, Milesburg.
John C. Marks, laborer, Taylor twp.
W. R. Haynes, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Geo. Blowers, undertaker, Sth Philipsburg.
A. Y. Casanova, gentleman, Philipsburg.
H. D. Showers, farmer, Walker twp.
Wm. Brackbill, furniture dealer Bellefonte.
Lemuel Bierly, musician, Boggs township.
J. H. Lutz, laborer, Spring twp.
Geo. W. Gray, forgeman, Milesburg.
Orrie Miller, plasterer, Bellefonte.
Christian Buck, mill owner, Unionville.
Thomas Hazel, laborer, Walker twp.
Thos. A. Fye, laborer, Snow Shoe.
S. M. Buck, machinist, Bellefonte.
George Schoff, clerk, Bellefonte.
William Shope, laborer, Milesburg.
Scott Holter, teacher, Liberty twp.
Samuel Baisor, laborer, Patton township.
John Hunter, laborer, Liberty "
Ira Barger, carpenter, Gregg "
Jacob Baum, farmer, Penn "
W. H. Winkleblech, carpenter, Miles twp.
J. A. Kline, farmer, Ferguson twp.
Thomas Miles, roller, Milesburg.
Philip Leitzell, butcher, Millheim.
James Durst, farmer, Potter twp.
William Hutton, laborer, Rush township.
James Duck, farmer, Gregg "
Samuel Parker, blacksmith, Philipsburg.
Emanuel Peters, farmer College twp.
Rush Larimer, grocer, Bellefonte.
Oscar Holt, farmer, Burnside township.
James Noll, laborer, Milesburg.

Among the features promised for the August HARPER'S MAGAZINE are short stories by Howard Pyle, F. Mary Wilson, E. Levi Brown, Herbert D. Ward, and Richard Harding Davis, together with a play in one scene, by W. D. Howells. Dr. Davis's story treats of Americans in London, and Mr. Howells's play, called "Bride Roses," is not, as usual, a farce, but sounds a note of tragedy.

PRE-HISTORIC FOOTSTEPS.

The sending of the footprints found in the Nevada state prison quarry to the World's Fair has caused a renewal of the discussion regarding pre-historic man.

Draper hazarded the opinion that men must have lived upon the earth from at least one hundred thousand years to two hundred and fifty thousand years in which to have developed to their present condition. The discovery of human footprints in the Nevada state prison quarry, if they can be conclusively proven to be such, will go far toward establishing the opinion advanced by Draper.

On that point the European scientists seem to favor the opinion that they are what they seem to be—human footsteps left in the soft mud ages and ages ago, which by subsidence and upheaval were finally placed under the forty-five feet of super-imposed sandstone which had been solidifying through all of that vast period since men had implanted their footsteps in the yielding mud along the margin of some lake or stream. The formation at the point where the footsteps were found apparently dates back to that remote time known to geologists as the glacial period. They were forty-five feet below the surface of the ground, which, in itself, is a guarantee of vast age.

All those who attend the Exposition should look up the Nevada state exhibit and examine for themselves these alleged footprints of man which were made when the earth was yet comparatively new.—[Ex.

A pair of kid button shoes were made complete and packed in a Lynn factory the other day in 15 minutes and 45 seconds. The previous record was 24 minutes.

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Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

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manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
"Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock"
"Davis-Chambers"

For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.

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Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania Pittsburgh, Pa.

RUPTURE! Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

HOW TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE.

AN IOWA CONGRESSMAN'S LETTER.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA, June 5, 1893.

A. M. DOLPH, President Board of Trade, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR.—Replying to your letter of the 3d inst., it seems to me that the remedy is very simple, but I fear it is, unfortunately, impracticable. If the Democratic majority could at once resolve and satisfy the country that they would let the Tariff alone and stand by the former system under which the country has enjoyed great prosperity, we would have no difficulty. Everybody expects legislation hostile to American production. The Democratic party is pledged to such a course. There can be no revival of confidence until that party satisfies the country that it will not carry out its pledges. A systematic and widespread attempt is being made to blame everything on the silver law. But the silver law made no trouble until the Senate and Presidency went to the Democrats. It was not until that party became assured of the power to destroy Protection that confidence became impaired. It is not legislation that the country needs, in my opinion. The situation is a "forced and unnatural one," so to say, and grows out of the fear of legislation. What the country needs is assurance that there will be no legislation. The present lack of confidence is the sober second thought of the country. Last fall the nation resolved on the reversal of the policy under which it had prospered. It is now showing that its sober business sense is more to be relied upon than its hasty political judgment. It is impossible to consider the question without reference to politics, because it is the change of policy resolved on in a political contest that has brought about the present uncertainty and lack of confidence.

Very respectfully,
JOHN F. LACEY, M. C.

The coming issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain illustrations of the Silver Vaults at the United States Treasury, Washington. Mr. George W. Childs has contributed a valuable article on the death of Mr. A. J. Drexel, his life-long friend, which is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Drexel. There is also a page illustration giving views of the proposed new National Park at Mount Tacoma. A full page picture of the Fourth of July crowd on their way to the Fair Grounds, and another page of views of great Harvard-Yale boat race, are timely subjects. The fiction of the number is composed of two short stories "A Maid of the Nineteen Parellel" and "The Lost Sixpence," besides another instalment of the entertaining Chicago novel "The Cliff Dwellers."

"*Working Girls*,

"Are your cheeks pale?

"Your eyes dull, and step heavy?

"Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?

"Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?

"Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, and so tired. If so, listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb.

"That or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles.

"Take warning in time! *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."—*Miss Sallie Palmer, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

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It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

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A Positive Cure FOR PILES.

In use over 30 years. Simple, Effective, Wonderful. Highest testimonials. At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price—50c. per box.

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Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 46th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

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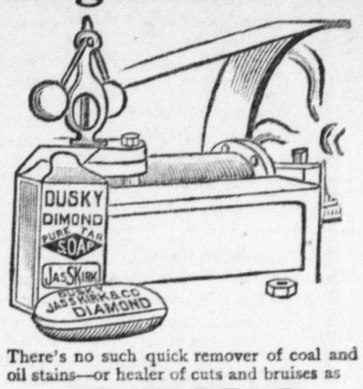

There's no such quick remover of coal and oil stains—or healer of cuts and bruises as

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap A Pure Soap; Contains No Adulteration.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

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CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

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Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24,14,26t.eow

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This great Temperance drink; is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

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DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St., below Green, Philadelphia (EIN DEUTSCHER ARZT). After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors and family physicians, and the different Quacks with their most wonderful discoveries have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Blood Poison, Scrofula, Strictures, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, the Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, want of Confidence, Night Dreams, Shrunken Organs, Piles, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Rupture, CATARRH, then consult DR. THEEL, or send five 2-ct. stamps for book "*Truth*," exposing every form of quackery in medicine. Hours: Daily, 9 to 3; ev'gs, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. ev'gs, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 4. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Relief at once. Write or call. Utmost secrecy guaranteed. The best-equipped offices in America. AVOID home-cure swindle and free consultation and guarantees and cheap poisonous treatment; they are dangerous and misleading, and ruin thousands. Write or call.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1897.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.6	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.5	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 56	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6
Dix—f	45.0	6 30	11 29	6
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	58.5	6 48	11 48	6
TYRONE	64.3	6 52	11 56	6

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P.M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 19	3 10	7 2
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 2
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 3
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 39	3 39	7 45
Fowler—f	2.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	32.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 14
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M A.M				
4 50 10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 10
5 05 10 18 5.3	Fairbrook	23.3	9 09	4 55
5 15 10 28 8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 45
5 21 10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 26 10 46 12.5	Marengo f	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 32 10 52 13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39 10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 45
5 53 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 05 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 20
6 25 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.45	2.00	MONTANDON	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Bloh f		8.52	4.39
6.8	6.26	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.43	Millmont		8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	2.51	GLEN IRON		8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.23	Ingleby f		7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4 30	Coburn		7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4 47	Rising Springs		7.21	3.14
45.2	8.02	4 53	Penn's Cave f		7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00	2.54
54.6	8.25	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52	2 47
56.7	8.23	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47	2 42
58.8	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.38	2 33
63.9	8.47	4 37	Pleasant Gap f		6 28	2 23
65.2	8.56	4 40	Axeman f		6.25	2 20
67.4	8.55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		6.20	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Aen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12 pm	10 pm	8 pm	1 pm	2 am		WESTWARD 1 am	3 am	7 am	9 pm	11 pm
6 35		8 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 50		10 30	4 40	
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35	4 45	
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38	4 48	
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43	4 51	
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46	4 54	
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48	4 56	
6 14		3 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 53		10 52	5 00	
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56	5 03	
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58	5 05	
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 28		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 18		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 39 a m
"	" William'port "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'v's Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m

Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at 5 15 p m

FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 25 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express	l'ves L Haven w	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Philadelphia	3 50 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 25 a m
"	" Kane	11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45 p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv's Wms'port	3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 55 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. Y.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

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A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
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Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN DELEGATE ELECTION AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Centre County will meet at their respective voting places, in the several election districts in the county on Saturday, August 19th, 1893, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention. The delegates chosen at that time will meet in convention at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday, August 22nd, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Sheriff, one candidate for Treasurer, two candidates for County Commissioner, one candidate for Register, one candidate for Recorder, two candidates for Auditors, one candidate for Coroner and one candidate for County Surveyor; and to elect a chairman of the county committee for the year 1894, also to transact such other business as may come before the convention. Under the rules of the party the number of delegate to which each precinct is entitled is as follows:

NUMBER OF DELEGATES.

Bellefonte, N W	6	Haines, East P	1
" S. W	4	" West P	2
" W. W	3	Halfmoon	3
Centre Hall	1	Harris	2
Howard Boro	2	Howard Twp	3
Millheim	1	Haston	3
Milesburg	3	Liberty	4
Philipsburg—1st W	3	Marion	1
" 2d. W	4	Miles	3
" 3d. W	3	Patton	3
Unionville	2	Penn	1
Benner Twp	3	Potter North P	1
Boggs East P	2	" South P	2
" West P	4	Rush North P	4
" North	2	" South P	2
Burnside	2	Snow Shoe East P	4
College East P	4	" West P	2
" West P	2	Spring North P	3
Curtin	1	" South P	3
Ferguson, East P	2	" West P	3
" North P	3	Taylor	2
Gregg, North P	1	Union	3
" East P	1	Walker	3
" West P	1	Worth	3
Total number of delegates			121
Necessary to choice in nomination			61

The primary election for delegates will be held under the supervision of the district committeemen, who will see that the proper election officers are designated and in attendance.

In the Boroughs of Bellefonte, Howard, Centre Hall, Milesburg, Millheim, Philipsburg, Unionville and South Philipsburg, and in the Townships of Howard, Potter, Snow Shoe, Union, Rush, Spring, Boggs, Worth, Harris and Ferguson the polls will open at 7 p. m. and close at 9 p. m., and in the remaining districts will open at 2 p. m. and close at 4 p. m.

WILBUR F. REEDER, Chairman.

W. L. MALIN, Sec.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P, Jos. K. Bitner,	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Goimen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
Snowshoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

It is reported that trade is reviving and money getting easier in New York and other trade centres. The iron market, however, is not yet affected. The fact that business is improving in other lines is nevertheless encouraging news, for in a general revival of trade the iron market must soon respond to the improved condition of things.

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For pure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

A meeting of the Bellefonte Board of of Trade had been called to meet at the Court house last Thursday evening. The bell was rung at about eight o'clock and a few people went up to the number of twelve or fifteen. It was the intention to install the regular officers but there was not one of them present, so this was postponed to the next meeting, which will be this evening, when we hope the regular officers will display interest enough in the enterprise to be present. The meeting was called to order by the temporary chairman, George L. Potter, Esq., and the proceedings of last meeting read by secretary, Clement Dale. The charter for their organization has been granted by the court. The committee to secure members reported by their chairman that they had secured seventy-five names and expected by next meeting to have one hundred, only one man asked had refused to join. We hope these seventy-five Bellefonte Boomers will be present at the meeting this evening.

—John Musser, Jr., who lives near Pine Grove Mills, was seriously hurt last week by being gored by a bull. He was attempting to drive the animal into the barn when it turned upon him and tossed him about twelve feet into the air, breaking one of his ribs and otherwise hurting him. The animal again went for him but his cries attracted the attention of his daughter who came to his rescue, probably saving his life. He is a brother of W. Henry Musser of Milesburg, and Mrs. F. B. Stover, of Bellefonte. His injuries are quite serious; at this writing he is still in bed, although improving. It is hoped he will soon be about again as well as ever.

—Last week Wednesday evening about eight o'clock, an alarm of fire was caused by a bright light South of the town. Some thought it was a barn on Mrs. Reuben Valentine's place. Upon investigation it was found to be some men burning a large pile of Canada thistles.

LIQUOR LAW IN ENGLAND.

Even the Traveler Has to Work Hard to Get a Sunday Drink.

The high court of judiciary in England has lately been attempting to determine the meaning of the word "traveler." Innkeepers have the right to furnish beverages of an intoxicating character to travelers on Sunday, but not to other customers. An attempt was made to detrmine just what a traveler was by passing a law excluding from the definition of "traveler" all who had not on the previous night slept three miles distant from the place where the liquors were furnished in those forbidden hours. It has been found, however, that thirsty residents of a city, especially in England, where pedestrianism is popular, are not averse to a six or seven mile walk on a Sunday morning where there is a prospect of obtaining the desired liquid refreshment.

In a recent case a number of residents of Northampton walked out to the public house, three and a quarter miles from the city, and obtained beer, saying that they were "travelers." There was no evidence to show whether the citizens were simply out to enjoy a walk or whether they took the trip for the sole purpose of obtaining beer. The judges, after hearing the facts, held that the inn-keeper was not justified in serving beer to the men. The justices then called upon the learned judges of the high court to ascertain whether they are right in their judgment. The court held that they were correct, concluding that the evidence had satisfied them that the men were not in good faith travelers, but simply searchers after the forbidden intoxicants.—Chicago Post.

Run Down and Killed.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., July 8.—Samuel Silverburgh, a seven year old boy, was run over by an electric car in this city this morning. Death followed within half an hour after the accident. The boy's body was terribly mangled.

Indians Will Not Sell.

GUTHRIE, O. T., July 8.—The Cherokee Commission has failed to make a treaty with the Ponca Indians and their reservation will not be opened at the strip.

BINDER TWINE.

Largest Stock. Ask for Prices
Best in Quality. before
Lowest in Prices. - - - - BUYING.

McCALMONT & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

WHEN YOU NEED

CLOTHING

COME TO SEE US.

We have the Largest Stock that can be found in this part of the State.

We have Boys' Suits from $1.25 up to the finest.
We have Men's Suits from 3.00 up to the finest, to 15.00 and 20.00.
We have the biggest line of young men's stylish suits—brown cheviot, black cheviot, blue cheviot, at 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.
We have all the new style Serge Suits, black, blue, brown, mixed, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00 & 15.00.
We are sole agents for the Douglas Shoes, for boys and men, every pair warranted. Boys 1.75, 2.00, 2.50; Mens 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00. If they do not give you satisfaction, get another pair.
We have tan and russet shoes for boys and girls, men and women.
We have the greatest line of Dry Goods and Dress Goods—ginghams, sateens, serges, tricots, &c.

Ladies Blazers from 2.00 up.

LADIES COATS AND WRAPS, 50 different styles, with or without capes, 2.00, 2,50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00.

SEND FOR SAMPLES OF DRESS GOODS.

LYON & CO

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE PINT OF ALE.

A Good Wife's Way of Winning Her Husband From Drink.

John Ross Dix once related an anecdote illustrative of the elements of ease and comfort which workingmen are so apt to cast thoughtlessly away, and of the many helps to independence which they neglect.

"A Manchester calico printer was on his wedding day asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share of 'extra comforts.' He made the bargain, but not cheerfully; for, though a drinker himself (fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without), he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from the old associations of the ale house, and when not in the factory or at his meals he was with his boon companions.

"His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses, keeping her cot neat and tidy; and he could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts. Once in a while the wife succeeded, by gentle, loving artifice, in drawing her husband home an hour or two earlier than usual, and very rarely she persuaded him to spend a whole evening in her company.

"They had been married a year, and on the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife, and with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"'Mary, we'n had no holiday sin' we were wed, an' only that I haven't a penny i' th' world we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mither.'

"'Would'st like to go, John?' she asked. There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly as in the old times. 'If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat.'

"'Thou stand treat, Mary? Hast got a fortun' left thee?'

"'Nay,' said she, 'but I'm gotten the pint o' ale.'

"'Gotten what, wife?'

"'The pint o' ale,' she repeated.

"And thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences—four pounds, eleven shillings and three pence—exclaiming:

"'See, John, thee can have the holiday.'

"'What is this?' he asked, in a maze.

"'It's my daily pint o' ale, John.'

"He was conscious-stricken as well as charmed.

"'Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more fro' this day!'

"And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the 'pints o' ale,' was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace, honor and renown."—N Y. Ledger.

THE ONLY COMMON SENSE.

Total Abstinence is the Only Temperance Doctrine.

"An old man came to me and said: 'My son he fine fellow, handsome, big, good to me and his mudder. He can earn big money, tirty, tirty-five dollar a month. Then he liked by his boss, and his boss say nobody can vork so nice and quick as my poy Fred—Fritz I call him. Then the time come, and he go in a saloon, and some more with with him, and he spend efry cent—efry dollar. He play big. He pay for all the loafers in town. Now you tells me why my poy be a fool somedimes. Not always, you see; but somedimes!'

"'Well,' I said, 'Mr. Saxeholm, you don't drink yourself, do you?'

"'Oh, no! oh, no! I am not a drinker; but I am not a prohibition. I drink a leetle, just a leetle. Nobody ever see me drunk. I know when I needs a little. I know when I has it enough.'

"'What a wise man you are, Mr. Saxeholm, I said, 'I never saw one your equal before. You know when you have had enough; but every drop you drink, by the nature of it, takes away your judgment; but I am bound to believe you. But you know the boys nowdays ain't wise. They don't know when they have enough. How much would you think would be enough for your fine boy?'

"'I tells you now, Mr. Powell, I don't tink he should touch one drop. He can't stand it. It goes to his head, you see, and then he haf no judgment. Quick as he feel good he begin to be fool, and he be so smart as all creation; and he trow around his cash as if he had Vanderbilt for a fader.'

"'So, so, Mr. Saxeholm, the boy drinks once a month, and makes a fool of himself; and you drink once, twice, three times in one day, and are very wise, I can't see how you should have such a son. Let me tell you what I think; the old saying is, "Like father like son." I think he has come by his taste very naturally. When his father's tastes and habits gets into his head he loses his wits and goes to the saloon. You go your way very temperately; but you put the tastes in the boy, and you set the example; he is only following your example and enjoying the same tastes.'

"This German father is an example of what I meet so very often that I feel sure there is no more serious difficulty to be met with in saving our boys. For my part I do not believe in a great many things I am compelled to practice. For instance, I do not believe in total abstinence; but am a total abstainer. There is no sense in saying I will never drink wine or beer, when every one knows that sometimes it is very well to do so. But I have three boys, and one more who is just the same as my boy; and they are as good as gold. I do not see what life would be worth if they were to go wrong. I can not and will not afford to run the least risk with my little lads. And so I never touch stimulants.

"There are just two ways of creating boys—one by heredity, and one by example; precept against example and inheritance is not worth any more than dry straw against a prairie fire. My German friend labors under a serious difficulty. He can not understand boys in America. He can go to a saloon and spend his pfenning; and go away content after one glass. He can drink with his old Fatherland crony one or two glasses, very economically and temperately. But American boys are not of that sort. They are ambitious; they dispise closeness; above all they hate to be called stingy. You can teach them to abstain; but not to stop with one glass. So you find everywhere temperate Irishmen and Germans, with sots for children. Now I have no excuse of this sort; I do understand American temperament; and if I have any care for my boys I must be an abstainer. Here comes in the grandest principle of human character; the willingness to do or not to do for the sake of others. It is the altruism that is in total abstinence that makes it a sublime virtue. I do not want any one to prove to me that alcohol is always, in all forms, and under all circumstances, injurious; it is enough to know that temperance is too difficult a virtue for a great many of our friends or neighbors.

"When I look back to find the very strongest influence that enters into every life to save me, I see a father whose resolute self-denial became my ideal of rightness. A distiller in 1828, when the temperance reformation arose he promptly heeded it; broke up his distillery; turned his sideboard to better use; became a total abstainer, and stood out before his boys clean of bad example. He practiced what he preached. He even put his snuff box in the stove, and said: "What I wish you to do I will do first myself." As pastor of three churches, one for ten years and two for five years, I found the almost invariable difficulty in saving noble boys from falling was that their fathers led the way. To be sure, few of them failed to give good advice; but the boys lacked that all powerful grip of a manly example. I have rarely seen children go astray where the home said, in all possible ways: "We want you to be beautiful, true and good; and we want it so much that we will make our own lives beautiful, true and good." I mean that when the parents gauge all their actions, and even thoughts, by what the effect will be on their children, there is a sure law that saves the children."—E. P. Powell, in the Voice.

AN ANCIENT PLEDGE.

A Solemn Declaration in No Uncertain Terms.

The following ancient and unique temperance pledge was found written upon the blank leaf of an old English book, which has been handed down from parent to child for several generations:

BROUGHTON, 1637.

Frome this daye forwerde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge anye health, nor drinke a whole carrouse in a glasse, cupp, bowle or other drinking instrument whatsoever; whosoever it be, or ffrome whomsoever it come, except the neccessitye of nature doe require it. Not my own most gracious Kinge; nor anye the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth. Nor my dearest friende, nor oll the goulde in the worlde, shall ever enforce me or allure me; not an Angele from Heaven whoe I knowe will not attempt it should persuade me. Not Satan, with all his old subtilities, nor all the powers of Hell itself, shall ever betray me.

By this very sinne (for a sinne it is, and not a little one), I doe plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my great and gloriouse Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes that I am subject unto; and for this verry sinne I know it is that God hath often bene strange unto me. And for that cause and noe other respect, have I thus vowed, and I heartilye begg my good Father in Heaven of His great goodness and infinite mercie, in Jesus Xt. to assist me in the same, and to be favorable untoe me for what is past. Amen.

April 10, 1637. R. BOLTON.

—National Temperance Advocate.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

THE almost unanimous testimony of a large number of superintendents of insane and poor houses is that poverty is the effect, not the cause of intemperance.

ON the principle that every little helps, there may be some encouragement in the statement that the national drink bill of England decreased about three hundred and fifty pounds last year over the year before.

"LET whisky alone, and whisky will let you alone," is one of the basest lies ever coined from the devil's mint. The innocent victims of drink are numberless, and among them multitudes of women and children who have left whisky alone.—Demorest.

THE managers of a Brussels workingmen's union have printed a circular giving a summary of the increase in the consumption of spirituous liquors and the increase of crime and poverty. Belgium, especially in the two western provinces, appears to be swarming with vagrants, and the taxes for the support of the poor have become an almost intolerable burden, yet that country permits eighty-three thousand rum-shops to filch the wages of labor and multiply the sum of misery and disease.

MOHAMMED'S injunction against the use of ardent spirits is so well obeyed even at this late day that it is an extremely rare sight to see a drunken Musselman. A lady who has been making a tour of Egypt says that during a long stay in Cairo none of her party saw an intoxicated man. She says that she asked her dragoman if he ever under any provocation indulged in strong drink, and he answered: "If my wife were dying and the doctor ordered her to take brandy, and she died with that brandy in her stomach, God would not receive her in Heaven." Paul's doctrine of a little wine for the stomach's sake has no place in the Koran code of ethics.

Suffer in Silence.

AS MODEST SENSITIVE WOMEN GENERALLY DO.

To all such women who from some functional derangement or weakness need advice, we would say that Dr. David Kennedy, one of the best known physicians in New York State who has had a large experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, offers his well known Favorite Remedy to them. It will cure you of nervous sick headache, backache, spineache, bloating, internal heat, or scalding urines. If you have uterine catarrh, suppressed or painful periods, irregular menstruation or leucorrhoea. If you have a tired ache at the top of the head, back of the neck, and base of the brain, or any of the many attending evils that are present in female complaints, you should take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., for it will dispel those tired looks, restore and strengthen the nervous system, and cure the most complicated of feminine sicknesses. If you value good health, you use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. nos.28-32-36

YOUR HOME PAPER.

Your local paper tells you when to go to church, to county court and to send your children to school or any where you want to go. It tells you who is dead, who is sick, who is married, who is born and many other things you would like to know. It calls attention to public enterprises, advocates the best laws and orders of the town It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son, the illness of your wife, free of charge. It sets forth the advantages of your town and invites immigration and is the first to welcome new comers. Yet in spite of all these benefits, some people say that the home papers are not half as good as some other papers that have no interest in their business or success The home paper is too often neglected by those who are benefited by it.

—During the storm last Saturday night the electric light works stopped operation, leaving all the stores that use electricity for light in total darkness. This lasted for about ten minutes, when the light was turned on again.

Not what we say, but what the **people** say is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. Because it is **made in Belfast, Maine.**

J. W. BLOUIN.

"Canker in the Stomach unfited me for work!"

WONDERFULLY SURPRISED

BUT CURED!

MR. BLOUIN HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN AS AN HONEST, HARD-WORKING MAN. YOU CAN SEE HIM ANY DAY IN HIS BLACKSMITH SHOP ON FRANKLIN ST., WORKING AT HIS FORGE; AND HE WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO TELL YOU WHAT DANA'S SARSAPARILLA HAS DONE FOR HIM.

LEWISTON, ME., '

Gentlemen:—I have been a continual sufferer for a long time with **Canker in the Stomach, Throat and Mouth** — so much so, that **my lips have scabbed** and **swollen very bad.**

I had a terrible bad feeling in my stomach, bad taste in my mouth, causing a great deal of spitting—at times I was

ENTIRELY UNFITTED FOR LABOR.

I consulted a number of Physicians, and was treated by several as good ones as I could find

BUT RECEIVED NO BENEFIT.

Last March, a boy passed me an advertisement of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. I read it and decided to try a bottle. The first bottle **greatly relieved me.** I bought another **THAT CURES** bottle and by the time that was taken, I had

GAINED 13 LBS. IN WEIGHT,

and wonderfully surprised to find **myself well.** I know DANA'S SARSAPARILLA **has cured me.**

J. W. BLOUIN.

LEWISTON, ME., May 15, 1891.

The above J. W. Blouin personally appeared and subscribed and swore to the truth of the above statement, before me.

J. W. WALLACE, Notary Public.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

ASK FOR AND TRY

Manners

DOUBLE EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

and CURE for

RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is one of the worst diseases which arises from Bad Blood. By using MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA you can rid yourself of this dread disease.

Manners Sarsaparilla Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

GENTS: I was a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, often unable to leave my chair. In the winter of 1892 I paid over $85 for doctor bills. I tried your Double Extract Sarsaparilla, and it made a well man of me. I will ever be a staunch friend of Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. Yours truly,

ROSCOE P. JAMES, Allegheny, Pa.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS M. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms, No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange is open every Friday at 3 P. M. in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A in Criders Exchange. A good variety of bread pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

The terrible earthquake in Lisbon occurred when the poet Goethe was but a little fellow, and when he heard the mourning and lamentation of those about him in view of a calamity so great, he said to his mother, looking up into her face with those wonderful eyes that seemed to see further into the blue of Heaven than any other eyes of his generation: "Perhaps God sees that no mortal accident can injure an immortal soul." Years later the poet Schiller said: "Death cannot be an evil for it is universal."

The following item will no doubt cheer those who are inclined to be a little faint-hearted: "There has been quite a decrease in the number of saloons this year in Blair county. Last year there were fifty-nine hotel and six brewery licenses granted. This year only thirty-nine hotel and four breweries were granted. The remonstrances gotten up by the different unions in the county had much to do with the decrease in licenses. In one place three men, stewards in a prominent church, acted as vouchers for a saloon-keeper and that license was granted. I would like to become acquainted with the pastor of that church and ask him to read the rules of the church a little more closely."

For the first time a voice has sounded from the depths of Germany, and it is the voice of women in politics. We could hardly believe our eyes when we read in the London papers, on June 16th, that in the city of Berlin, where the Social Democrats had won decisive victories, "the women and children were pressed into the service, and the most arduous efforts were made to secure every possible vote for the true and unsullied People's party, as the Socialists term themselves." May this prove to be but the upspringing of a new dawn in that great land of thought and poetry, and now, at last, of progress?

The story that Beecher liked best, and used to relate in his own inimitable way, was the following: "The minister had preached his sermon, warm and urgent, and concluded by asking everybody in the audience who would like to go to heaven to stand up. All did so but a man who was somewhat under the influence of liquor, and seemed to be slightly dozing. A woman resuming her seat after the demonstration of the desire to reach the better country, jostled this man, just as the minister was saying, 'All who wish to go to hell, stand up,' whereupon the drinking man arose, looked at the parson and said dubiously, 'Seems to me you and I are in a hopeless minority!' This had, it is needless to say, a bad effect on the morals of the assembly."

Johnstown, Pa., which was so recently swept away by floods, has a larger population to-day and a wealth of buildings such as it never had before. Several wards of the city that were occupied by saloons are now without any and temperance sentiment is increasing constantly.

A contrast is that of two churches—in one the pastor is paid three thousand five hundred dollars salary and the amount given to missions is one hundred and thirty-two dollars, while in the other the pastor receives seven hundred dollars and the mission fund five hundred. How hardly shall they that have riches inherit the kingdom.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, in an interview on gambling, has expressed himself concerning his municipality as follows: "Chicago is no pent-up Utica, and puritanical ideas cut no figure this World's Fair year. You can't make people moral by ordinances and it's no use trying." Every decent paper in the city is taking him to task for insinuating that "Puritans" alone object to gambling, and for classing this far reaching and abominable evil with the innocent pleasures incidental to a great Exposition.

The Herculean labors put forth to secure wedding presents for the Princess May are being unfavorably commented upon by the London press. Self-constituted committees, beginning with some titled person, who is at the head of a community and who passes the word along, are going from house to house, shop to shop, and school to school. The whole demonstration is "machine made." In this year of an unprecedented drought the people are less willing than ever to give. In many instances business people, desirous of disposing of their wares, have been the instigators of these gifts; jewelry and resolutions on parchment seem to be the principal returns thus far secured. In contrast to this piling up of gold and gain, the following figures are significant. In London, one in every fifteen citizens dies in the workhouse, the hospital or the penitentiary; in England, eighty out of every one hundred homes bear valuation of but one hundred dollars; in London, only one boy in forty attends any kind of school after he is twelve years old, and it goes without saying that the percentage is much smaller among girls. One million two hundred thousand of the residents in London live on less than five dollars a week per family, and three hundred thousand are in chronic want of food. In the poorer parts there is one public house to every eighty persons. There are ninety thousand actual paupers, and yet the charities are such that there would be £1 apiece, *i. e.* about $5 for every man, woman and child in the city of London annually. The king and Queen of Italy, when the suggestion was made that they should have a present, on the recent occasion of their silver wedding, from the people of Italy, begged that it should take the form of an industrial school for boys and girls. We can but wish that Protestant England, through the young people who have just united their destinies, would give the world an example of Christ and His teachings, as Catholic Italy has done.

The church missionaries connected with Christ Church, London, have tickets given them to distribute among the mothers in the vicinity. These read: "By presenting this ticket to the ladies in charge at Lower Hawkstone Hall at 6:15 on any Sunday evening, your baby or child up to three years old will be taken care of, so that you may attend service with your husband." Practical Christianity, that.

The pariahs of India constitute one tenth of the entire population. Their condition is pitiable, but a few months ago the government began to make some improvements in the educational line. Many of the school inspectors are Brahmins and Hindus, who consider it pollution to enter a pariah village, and they throw impediments in the way of the missionaries and private efforts to educate them. Special day and night schools are to be opened for them.

It is a curious and pathetic fact that in the village of Leatherhead, twenty miles from London, John Wesley (when nearly eighty-eight years old) preached his last sermon, riding in a hackney coach over rough roads, and finding less than twenty people assembled to hear him. More than one hundred years have passed, and there has not been a Methodist church in that village; during the long interval Leatherhead has slept on among the Surrey hills undisturbed and unblessed by the forces which have been educating and saving rural England. London Methodists have earnestly become aroused, and they are now building a church as a memorial of John Wesley in this strange, apathetic community.

PROTECTION OF THE HOME.

Petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the Protection of the Home. Addressed to the governments of the World.

Honored Rulers, Representatives and Brothers:

We, your Petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations.

We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper, and the time is brought nearer when the world shall be at peace.

We know that indulgence in Alcohol and Opium, and in other vices which disgrace our social life, makes misery for all the world, and most of all for us and for our children.

We know that stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the Governments partners in the traffic, by accepting as revenue a portion of the profits, and we know with shame that they are often forced by treaty upon populations, either ignorant or unwilling.

We know that the law might do much, now left undone, to raise the moral tone of society and render vice difficult,

We have no power to prevent these great iniquities beneath which the whole world groans, but you have power to redeem the honor of the nations from an indefensible complicity.

We therefore come to you with the united voices of representative women of every land, beseeching you to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, to strip away the safeguards and sanctions of the state from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization throughout all the territory over which your Government extends.

NAMES | RESIDENCES.

Will not everybody who loves the great cause of home protection, send to Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, Ravenna, O., for the regular form, and circulate it to the best of her ability, mailing the names to Miss Alice E. Briggs, Evanston, Ill.

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked a clergyman at a railroad station one day lately.

"Sometimes, when they are not awful drunk," replied the brakeman; "just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."—[Hartford Journal.

"I don't see why the police can't do more toward putting a stop to vice in New York."

"How can they, when they're so busy shadowing Parkhurst's men?"

"Well, then, why don't Parkhurst's men do something?"

"How can they, when they're so busy shadowing the police?"—[Puck.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

John Garbrick et ux to Amos Garbrick. Dated June 23, 1893. For an undivided interest in a certain tract of land in Spring township. Consideration $350.

The Methodist Episcopal church to E. L. Orvis. Dated June 17, 1893. For tract of land in Bellefonte borough. Consideration $300.

Benj. Corl et ux et al to Peter Corl. Dated February 20, 1893. For the undivided six-sevenths interest of a certain tract of land in Ferguson township. Consideration $1280.22.

Heirs of J. M. Wagner to Carrie S. Wallace. Dated June 22, 1893. For house and lot of ground in Central City, Boggs township. Consideration $367.

F. A. Auman et ux to J. H. Oxenrider. Dated January 28, 1893. For 55 acres and 148 perches of land in Penn township. Consideration $325.

Mary M. Allison to Geo. S. Clements. Dated March 29, 1893. For lot of ground in Centre Hall borough. Consideration $150.

W. Y. Gray to Phoebe Brown. Dated March 17, 1893. Lot 33x80 feet in Philipsburg. Consideration $200.

Philipsburg Coal and Land Co., to Milo Hoyt. Dated Nov. 27, 1889. For lot No. 30 on the general plan of lots laid out by Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. Consideration $100.

Aaron Stover et ux to Wm. C. Haines. Dated Moy 30, 1891. For 88½ perches of land. Consideration $20.

Chas. W. Hosterman et ux to Theodore G. Hosterman. Dated July 10, 1893. For 106 acres of land in Haines township. Consideration $4000.

Michael Gill et ux to T. B. Budinger. Dated June 9, 1893. For tract of land in Snow Shoe township. Consideration $241.

W. E. Irwin "Assignee" to O. Perry Jones. Dated June 7, 1893. Re-assignment of real, personal and mixed property. Nominal consideration.

Wm. P. Duncan assignee to O. Perry Jones. Dated June 7, 1893. Re assignment of real, personal and mixed property. Nominal consideration.

Heirs of John Deitrich to Henry M. Deitrich. Dated March 27. 1891. For 42 acres, 48 perches of land in Walker township. Consideration $1732.25.

Jonathan Dinges et ux to Anna M. Weaver. Dated February 21, 1879. For lot of ground in Millheim borough. Consideration $650.

J. W. Bean et ux to James A. Stine. Dated September 3, 1892. For 31 acres of land in Worth township. Consideration $230.

James P. Coburn exr. to Anna Mariah Weaver and Rebecca Musser. Dated September 26, 1890. For lot No. 19 in borough of Millheim. Consideration $900.

W. H. Neff to Sylvester Cowher. Dated June 7, 1893. For a tract of land in Taylor township. Consideration $250.

Franklin Marks et ux to John P. Harris and George L. Potter. Dated June 11, 1886. For lot in Bellefonte borough. Consideration $300.

John P. Harris et al to S. D. Ray. Dated June 26, 1893. For above tract of land in Bellefonte borough. Consideration $400.

John M. Hale et al to O. Perry Jones. Dated November 22, 1892. For tract of land in Philipsburg. Consideration $100.

Fred Kurtz et ux to R. E. Bartholemew. Dated April 11, 1893. For two tracts of land, one in Potter township, and the other part in Potter township and partly in Centre Hall borough. Consideration $3900.

Jonathan Harper et al to Amanda Lukenbach. Dated December 10, 1881. For lot of ground in Reynolds Addition to borough of Bellefonte. Consideration $1600.

Mary Smith to S. W. Smith. Dated June 26, 1893. For two tracts of land in Potter township. Nominal consideration.

James S. Sommerville et ux to Charles McLaughlin. Dated May 10, 1893. For peice of land in Boggs township. Consideration $600.

J. Henry Meyer admr to Wm. A. Ishler. Dated February 13, 1893. For 190 acres of land in Harris township. Consideration $5700.

Dr. Thomas C. Vantries et ux J. Oscar Stover. Dated 28th, 1893. For 5 acres 117 perches of land in Potter township. Consideration $600.

Jacob Stanley to Jonathan Musser. Dated April 1st, 1893. For 14½ acres of land in Ferguson township. Consideration $400.

Samuel Condo to Frederick Fehl. Dated April 1st, 1893. For house and lot in Rebersburg Miles township. Consideration $950.

John I. Thompson et ux to Elmer N. Evey. Dated July 7th, 1893. For lot of ground in College township. Consideration $133.

Harriet K. McFarland et al to Charles Hewett. Dated June 21st, 1893. For certain interests in several tracts of land in Centre county Pa. Consideration $143.19.

Albert Owens et ux to W. V. Hughes. Dated August 3, 1891. For lot in Philipsburg, Centre county. Consideration Nominal.

One hundred dollars will be paid for a case of Drunkenness, Morphine or Tobacco Habit that cannot be cured by the use of Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets, manufactured by the Ohio Chemical Co., Lima, O. All first-class druggists keep them. Read large advertisement regarding the Tablets in another part of this paper.

EDWARD BELLAMY ON MILLIONAIRES.—If a small boy should be found with a roll of $1,000 in his possession the presumption would be that, as he could not possibly have earned so large a sum, he must have stolen it, and he would be immediately and unceremoniously taken by the coat collar and made to give an account of how he came by the money. We undertake to say that no man can justify his possession of $1,000,000 on sound ethical grounds. It is as much out of the power of a grown man fairly to earn that sum as it is beyond a boy's power to earn a thousandth part of it.—[The New Nation.

Hood's Cures

Mrs. John Fenton

Dyspepsia, Intense Misery

"**No pen can describe** the suffering I endured ten years from **Dyspepsia.** I had almost **Given up Hope** of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. **I am entirely cured** and advise anyone suffering from dyspepsia to try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The truth of this statement I am **glad to verify at any time.**" MRS. JOHN FENTON, 67 Pride Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. **25c.**

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Bellefonte, at Bellefonte, in the state of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, July 12th, 1893.

Bank Charter, No. 459.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$563,361.38
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	8,251.79
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc	13,797.00
Due from approved reserve agents	19,289.87
Due from other National Banks	13.85
Due from State Banks and bankers	6,872.72
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	30,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,261.71
Premium on U. S. Bonds	900.00
Checks and other cash items	2,594.54
Bills of other Banks	510.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	211.40
Specie	50,068.00
Legal-tender notes	28,684.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125.00
Total	$751,941.26

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,000.00
Undivided profits	11,906.92
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500.00
Dividends Unpaid	192.00
Individual deposits subject to ch'k	276,457.58
Time certificates of deposit	247,915.83
Due to other National Banks	27,196.13
Due to State Banks and Bankers	773.10
Total	$751,941.26

State of Penna., County of Centre, SS.:

I, John P. Harris, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN P. HARRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July, 1893. W. F. REEDER, N. P.

CORRECT ATTEST:
E. C. HUMES,
ROBT VALENTINE } Directors.
GEO. F. HARRIS,

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—A large double house facing East Logan Street. Inquire of MRS. JOHN McDERMOTT.
vol24-no25-4t Bellefonte, Pa.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED. I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES McCLELLAN.
10-tf.

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

McCALMONT & CO.

WM. SHORTLIDGE, } Business
ROBT. McCALMONT, } Managers. 24-23-6m

EXPLOSIVES, POWDER, FUSE AND QUARRYING MACHINERY.

ATLAS POWDER—The very best quality of Dynamite in use is named the Atlas Powder, for blasting rocks and blowing out stumps.

JUDSON POWDER—The Judson powder is of medium strength between black powder and dynamite.

BLACK POWDER—DuPont's make of blasting, rifle and sporting powder has always been considered the best in the market and it is as good in quality today as it ever was.

CARTRIDGES.—Fixed ammunition for hunters and sportsmen.

WE ARE PREPARED to supply the trade with the above High Class Explosives at the very lowest prices. We guarantee the lowest prices for the best goods in this line ever offered for sale in this community.

FUSE—Cotton, hemp, tape and rubber fuses for use in dry and wet rock.

PLATNUM FUSES AND ELECTRIC BLASTING APPARATUS.

ROCK DRILLS—Rock Drills operated by hand, steam or compressed air with boilers, air compressors and engines for operating the same.

ORDERS FOR ANY of the above articles placed in our hands will receive prompt attention at the very lowest prices.

McCALMONT & CO.,
24-23-1y BELLEFONTE, PA.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells on y

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

C O A L

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 1312.

IT COSTS YOU ONE WHOLE DOLLAR

To buy a World's Fair Souvenir Half Dollar. This is all right, because the price is the same everywhere, and you can't get cheated in the quality. But when you want to buy Groceries you must exercise judgment or you will get an inferior article at an exhorbitant price. But you will get just what you want if you go to

THE EUREKA

As they keep nothing but the Freshest and Best Groceries, and sell at One Cash Price to all, a price so low that none sell lower. Fresh goods received every day. Country produce of every description purchased, and highest market prices paid. If you have any doubt about what we say come in and see us, we will prove it true.

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of C. C. Nestlerode, late of Liberty township, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Nestlerode, late of Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to H. F. Kessinger, of Liberty township, whose postoffice address is Blanchard, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

H. F. KESSINGER.
CLEMENT DALE, Administrator.
Attorney. 24 25 6t

60,00 TIES WANTED.

Proposals will be received by The Central Railroad of Pennsylvania for furnishing 60,000 White Oak and Rock Oak Ties, to be delivered immediately along the line of its railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, as now surveyed and located through Nittany Valley. All ties are to be 8½ feet in length, 7 inches in thickness, and No. 1's not less than 7 inches face and No. 2's not less than 6 inches in face. For further particulars apply to

J. W. Gephart,
Supt. of Construction,
May 8th, 1893. BELLEFONTE, PA.

WHITES - - - - Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.
24-23-3m

FOR SALE—Commentary of the Holy Bible. Five large sheep bound Volumes. Entirely new and unabridged. Cost $17.50; will sell for $10 cash. Inquire at this office.
24-25-tf

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
ap15-1y

FOR RENT.—A five room house on West High Street. Cheap rent. Possession given immediately. Also a 6 room house one of 4 rooms and 2 and 3 rooms. Inquire of
ISAAC HAUPT, agent.
vol 24 no 8—tf

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

"3000 PARCELS OF MAIL" FREE
FOR 10 1-CENT STAMPS

(regular price 25c.) your address if received within 30 days will be for 1 year boldly printed on gummed labels. Only Directory guaranteeing **125,000** customers; from publishers and manufacturers you'll receive, probably, thousands of valuable books, papers, samples, magazines, etc. **All free** and each parcel with one of your printed address labels pasted thereon. **EXTRA!** We will also print and prepay postage on 500 of your label addresses to you; which stick on your envelopes, books, etc., to prevent their being lost. J. A. WARE, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 500 address labels and over **3000 Parcels of Mail.** My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO.,
No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
24-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

HE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day—
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined.
And soon made up his doggish mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face;
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up but he didn't see
The little dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hands and feet the farmer bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot, he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now the hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
He follows on his horny toes,
The little dog under the wagon.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

The full history of the old Liberty bell has been revived by its transfer from Philadelphia to Chicago. We give it now as a scrap of history worth preserving. Of course every one knows the old bell is cracked; but few knows its history.

The Liberty bell was made in London in 1751, in response to an order sent there by the Pennsylvania Assembly, which authorized a committee to procure a bell for the State House. On November 1st of that year an order was accordingly sent to London for "a good bell of about two thousand pounds weight." To the order was attached the following directions: "Let the bell be cast by the best workmen and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words well shaped, in large letters, around it, viz: "By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State House in the City of Philadelphia 1752," and underneath "Proclaim Liberty Throughout all the Land Unto all the Inhabitants Thereof.—*Leviticus xxv 10.*

In due time the following year the bell reached Philadelphia, but when it was first hung, early in 1753, as it was being rung to test the sound, it cracked without any apparent reason, and it was found necessary to have it recast. It was at first thought to be necessary to send it back to England for the purpose, but some ingenious workmen in Philadelphia wished to do the casting, and they were allowed to do so. In the first week of June, 1753, the bell was again hung in the Belfry of the State House.

On July 4th, 1776, it was known throughout the city that the final decision on the question of declaring the Colonies independent of Great Britain was to be made by the Continental Congress, in session in the State House.

Accordingly the old bellman had been stationed in the belfry with orders to ring the bell when a boy, awaiting at the door of the State House below, should signal to him that the bill for independence had been passed. Hour after hour the old man stood at his post. At last, at 2 o'clock, when he had concluded that the question would not be decided on that day, at least, the watchman heard a shout from below, and looking down, saw the boy at the door clapping his hands and calling at the top of his voice, "Ring! ring!"

And he did ring. For two hours, the story goes, that old man was so fired with enthusiasm that he could not stop the monster, whose voice told the glad tidings that a land was free.

When the British threatened Philadelphia in 1777, the precious bell was taken down and removed to Allentown for safety. In 1778 it was returned to the State House and a new steeple built for it. Several years later, for some unknown reason, it again cracked under the stroke of the clapper, and its tone was thus destroyed. An attempt was made to restore its tone by having the crack sawed wider, but it was not successful. The cause of the cracking has given rise to many stories, beautiful in their sentiment and pathetic in their feeling, but it is known that the bell was sound for many years after July 4, 1776. The stories, however, are beautiful, and the true story of the making of the crack is well told by the late Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia—formerly of Somerset, and uncle of the Messrs. Elder, of Johnstown.

Dr. Elder attended a Free Soil meeting in Princeton, Ill., in the fall of 1853. This was during the intense excitement caused by the attempts of United States officials and others to arrest and carry into slavery colored people found in the free States under color of odious Fugitive Slave act of 1850, the pet enactment of Clay and Webster. Dr. Elder, in commenting upon the actions of the Northern politicians in Congress and upon the judicial bench, said:

"This infatuation knew no bounds. There was nothing sacred in their eyes but slavery. Every barrier of religion and of justice had been swept away. There was no God but slavery, no religion but slavery, no religious life but slavecatching, no patriotism but defending slavery and denouncing Abolitionists. The whole duty of man was to love slavery, extend its domain, adore the slaveholder, and catch his runaway slaves."

After describing how the Whig and Democratic parties of the North had alike bowed down to the very dust and passed the Fugitive Slave act at the bidding of the slaveholders, Dr. Elder described the event which cracked the Liberty bell as follows:

"When, in September of 1850, the news of that foul consummation was flashed oxer the wires, those old Whigs and Democrats were besides themselves with joy. In Philadelphia, on receipt of the news, they rushed away to Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed by the glorious patriots of the Continental Congress of 1775. There hung the old bell, encircled by the memorable words, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout all the Land, Unto all the Inhabitants Thereof." This bell had hung there a century, the pride of the city and an object of reverence to every patriot. This was the same bell that hung in silence over the deliberations of the Continental Congress while that body was shaping the Declaration of Independence on the morning of the 4th day of July, 1776.

"It was the same bell which on the instant that Declaration was adopted, proclaimed to the world in joyous tones that a new nation was born into the family of nations, a nation which made the freedom of all men both the corner stone of its government and an excuse for its existence. This old bell had afterward, on every anniversary of our nation's birth, in loud peals, reminded the American people of that solemn pledge to Liberty, and the children of freedom had listened to its tones as the voice of God.

"But the irreverent men—the Pilates and Herods of Whiggery and Democracy, made friends and co-workers in that day for the destruction of the poor negro—in the frenzy of their joy over the debasement of the nation, ready to prove themselves minions of slaveholders and bloodhounds for slave-catchers, rushing into Independence Hall, and, amid shouts and yells of triumph, seized hold of the bell rope and sought to make that old bell join in insane clamor over the nation's degradation and the ignoble subserviency of the American people to the lords of the lash.

"They seized the bell rope and, at the first stroke, the bell cracked, and its voice has been hushed ever since. It refused to join in that infamous rejoicing. It had'nt brass enough."

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The *Review of Reviews* for July very fitly calls attention to our entrance on a new age—the age of electricity—in its three absorbing articles on the newest marvels and the even more incredible things to be expected. The great electrical exhibit at the World's Fair is described by Mr. J. R. Cravath. This paper is followed by two more under the title "Two Giants of the Electric Age." Mr. C. D. Lanier tells of the personality and sketckes the picturesque career of Thomas A. Edison. The interview with Mr. Edison presents fully the great inventor's views of the further triumphs in electrical science that are about to come to us. A striking and picturesque contrast to the Edison article is Mr. J. Munro's character sketch on Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin. Mr. Munro tells how Lord Kelvin made the Atlantic cable possible and how he invented the best mariner's compass; and the personality of the great Scotch professor is a theme of no less absorbing interest than his wonderful achievements in science. All these articles are profusely illustrated with portraits and pictures.

DECIDEDLY SHAKY.

A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgetiness, indicated by restless shifting from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the indications of extreme nervousness. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky," liable to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system, general vigor must, through the medium of reinforced digestion, and a renewal of an impaired power of sleeping at night, be raised to a healthful standard. A guarantee of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which re-establishes digestion, bile secretion and the habit of body on a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that bodily equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquility. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders, this medicine is without a peer. Thrice daily take a wineglassfull.

He—If yo' eat enny mo' onions I'se not goin' ter lub yo' enny mo'.

She—All right, Jeff Johnstone; ef yo' goin' ter allow a vegetable ter come between us yo' may go.—[Ex.

GOLD WILL BECOME MORE PLENTIFUL.

The *National Tribune* says that it desires to go upon record with the prediction which will astound most people—that within 10 years there will be a depression in the value of gold similar to that which now exists in regard to silver. There are some well-known facts that have never been alluded to in the voluminous discussion on the precious metals. The first is, that in respect to distribution gold is one of the commonest of metals. There is probably not a country in the world which does not contain it in such quantities as to be profitably mined, even with the present imperfect methods. Next to iron, it is the most widely-distributed metal, and is certainly as plentiful in the constitution of the earth as silver, copper and lead, and much more so than nickel, cobalt, platinum, and many other well-known metals. Indeed, there are many scientists who claim that probably the earth is largely composed of gold, or some other very heavy metal, The reason for this is that the weight of the entire earth is five and-a-half times that of water, while the weight of the heaviest rocks that we know of in the crust is only two-and-a-half times that of water. Every ton of sea-water contains a grain of gold, and we believe that there is not a State in the Nation which is without a very considerable quantity of gold in its soil. Unquestionably there is within easy reach of the surface on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, from New York to Alabama, more gold than has been taken out of the mines of California and Australia. The difference is that the rocks which contained gold in California and Australia were old, and had been exposed to the weather for centuries. They disintegrated, were washed down to the sea, and left their gold in the hollows in the watercourses. On the other hand the rocks in the Alleghanies are camparatively new, and are protected by a covering of soil from the action of the elements. The gold in them has had to be laboriously dug and pounded out.

For the last 30 years the skill and energies of our miners have been almost wholly directed to the extraction of silver. The most of the many great improvements in the science of mining have been in the way of getting out silver cheaply.

If, as now appears, silver has received a permanently-depressing blow, all this skill and energy will be turned in the direction of improving and cheapening the mining of gold, and within a very few years, instead of producing 1,604,840 ounces of gold to 58,330,000 ounces of silver, as we did in 1891-2, the proportion will come near being reversed. Prior to the discovery of the rich gold deposits in California gold mines were worked very successfully in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and the output was so considerable that the government established branch mints at Charlotte, N. C. and Dahlonega, Ga.

Up to 1873 the amounts of gold which had been received at the United States mints from this region were:

Virginia	$1,631,612
North Carolina	6,985,585
South Carolina	1,378,180
Georgia	7,267,780
Tennessee	79,618
Alabama	211,827
Total	$20,652,006

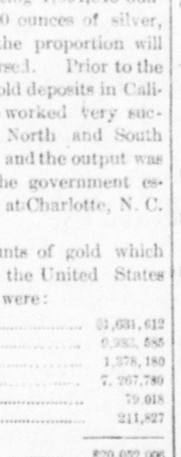
Everybody will now begin to think about gold mines and better methods for extracting the metal. There will be vast improvements in processes, by which the poorer and more refractory ores can be worked. It will be remembered how the bugbear of "refractory silver ores" vanished before the determined efforts of scientific men. It will be the same with gold ores. Not only will our own mines be reopened and developed, but they will do the same thing in Europe with the long-disused mines in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Hungary, Spain, Russia, and elsewhere.

The world-wide impetus which will be given to gold-mining will speedily and immensely increase the output of that metal.

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.



Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

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GENTLEMAN GEORGE.

"Gentleman George' is over the border, sergeant."

"You don't say so, sir!"

"It's a fact. The chance you have been waiting for is come at last. He stuck up the bank at Rosewood and put a bullet through the manager's head. You knew that?"

"Yes, sir. That was his first murder, I believe."

"Yes, his hands were clean, of blood up till then, but they all come to it some time if they are out long enough. How long has Cardale been out?"

Cardale was the almost forgotten surname by which "Gentleman George" had been known in days gone by.

"Three years, sir," I replied. "Three years, good measure."

"Ah, well, it is time he was stopped. I suppose he finds Victoria a trifle too hot for him after this rumpus, so he has crossed over to us for awhile?"

"Is your information reliable, sir?"

"Quite. Foster saw him at Billabong yesterday and wired."

"Foster! Why didn't he take him, then?"

The chief smiled. "As well ask the bird why it did not catch the cat. No, no; there is only one man on our side I can expect to do that." And he looked at me and laughed.

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Meaning you, Sergeant Sparks."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged, sir."

"Well, then, see that you justify my good opinion. But you have a wily customer to deal with, Sergeant. Three years out, by Jove! And these Melbourne side troopers are no fools."

"I expect I've got my work cut out sir."

"I imagine you have. Now, then, off with you at once. Get the latest description of the fellow from Foster and follow him up. It will be £500 in your pocket if you take him. And mind," added the chief impressively after a pause, "mind it is dead or alive. Report to me on your return."

I saluted and withdrew, and 10 minutes later was galloping in the direction of Billabong.

Five hundred pounds! It was a big reward, but I tell the honest truth when I say that just then I thought more of the honor and glory of getting the man than the money. For three years the Victorian troopers had been after him, and the best of them had never come next to near him. Sometimes they might get a glimpse of him, but that was all. And once out of sight, George, who was every inch a bushman, could laugh at the lot of them. His mare was a flyer, too—a sort of Australian edition of "Black Bess," and the distances the two of them covered now and again were almost incredible. There wasn't a township in Victoria where the bank manager didn't live in dread of a vist from George, and there wasn't a newspaper in the country that didn't abuse the police for their failure to take him and get off leather headed opinions as to the way in which it ought to be done.

However, it never had been done, and for all their smartness the troopers never had a show. I expect they were heartily sick of the very name of "Gentleman George" and heard of his crossing the border with no little satisfaction. I know I did, for I had heard so much about him that I positively ached to have a slap at him. And now I was actually out after him. No wonder I felt a trifle more excited than usual. If I could manage to nab him at the first try, what a feather that would be in the cap of the New South Wales police!

At Billabong I found Foster—in plain clothes. "Why, what's up? Where's your uniform?" I asked him.

Foster grinned uneasily. "Ask George," he said.

"I will that," I answered, "if ever I come up with him. Do you mean to say he's got it?"

"He has so," replied Foster ruefully, "and my horse and saddle into the bargain."

I roared, laughing. "Well, I'm blest if that doesn't beat cock fighting," I cried. "Got your horse too. But where is his mare?"

"How should I know? Got a bullet in her somewhere, very likely. Anyhow, he was riding a sorry beast enough."

"Tell us all about it," I said.

"Well," began Foster gloomingly—for he was very sensitive to chaff, and this was not the first mistake he had made by a long way—"I was over at Rogers' about those sheep he lost last week"—this I know to be Foster's euphemism for taking a drink, but I did not interrupt him." "My horse was hung up outside," he went on, "and we were talking away, when all of a sudden in walks George as cool as you please. "Keep your seats gentleman," says he, laying a 6-shooter on the counter 'keep your seats or there'll be trouble.' We kept 'em."

"What! Were you not armed?"

"No. Why? All was quiet our way. I had no notion George was over the border till he dropped in on us.

"It is always well to be prepared for surprises," I said. Well?

"Well, I recognized him at once, for I lived down his way before he took to the bush. Presently he stared at me. 'Why, it's Foster,' says he. 'Hullo, Foster!' 'Hullo, George!' says I. 'What's up?' 'You're the right man in the wrong clothes,' says he; 'they don't suit you a little bit. Take them off and hand them over to me.' 'What do you mean?' says I. 'Well,' says he, mighty polite, 'I'm sorry to inconvenience you, but I'll trouble you for your uniform. That's what I mean."

"And you gave it to him."

"What could I do? There was no use in swallowing lead for nothing."

"What happened then?"

"He tucked the uniform under his arm made Rogers give him a nobbler, which he drank off, filled his flask out of the bottle and turned to the door."

"And you let him go without a word?"

"Oh, I gave him words enough, you bet, but he only laughed, and when he got out side he jumped on my horse, and says he, 'I'll borrow your nag as well, Foster, as you are so pressing.' And with that he rode off."

I laughed again. "Well, he's a cool hand." I said. "Which way did he go?"

"Northeast, in the direction of Forty Mile creek," replied Foster, and proceeded to give me a minute description of the bush ranger.

"Well, goodby, old man," I said, when he had finished. "I'll bring back your uniform with George inside of it, I hope. Meantime I'd advise you not to talk too much 'sheep' to Rogers, or you may come to grief. So long!"

"A mighty smart trick that," I thought as I rode along. "A trooper riding through a bush township is no such uncommon sight. I expect I'll have some trouble to strike Master George's trail." And so it proved during the next week, for, though I dare say I was often close behind him, and thought I made the most minute and searching inquiries in the various townships passed as to the appearance of any troopers who had preceded me, yet I never once got any satisfactory information, and I was beginning to dispair of ever coming up with my man, when at last, and quite unexpectedly, I did so. "Clever Capture," the newspapers called it. Bosh! It was sheer luck, and nobody ever heard me blow about it. If it had not been for a piece of superb insolence on his part and a fortunate accident on mine, I might very well have missed him altogether.

It was about one o'clock one afternoon that I rode up to the homestead on Toomburra, the owner of which station Mr. Ingram, or "the squire," as he was usually styled, I knew very well. I came in by the back way and was riding toward the stables by one of the out houses. I glanced carelessly toward it as I went by and then as my eye took in the details I jumped hastily out of the saddle, and hitching my horse to a sapling ran hard across the intervening ground. My heart thumped against my ribs from excitement as I saw that my impression had been correct. The strange horse carried a regulation saddle and bridle and bore the government brand! "Gently," I said to myself. "It won't do to jump at conclusions. This may not be Foster's horse after all." Then I examined the holsters. One was empty, but from the other I drew out a revolver—not regulation. I breathed more freely.

'That's better," I muttered. "He's got the other on him for a certainty. I'll make sure of this one at any rate," and I drew the cartridges and slipped the weapon back into its case. Then I went swiftly around to the front of the house, and sheltering myself behind the creepers which grew thickly over the veranda posts peered cautiously into the dining room through the open window. They were all there—the squire, the wife and daugher and a young son home for the holidays. But there was some one else—a strapping fellow in police uniform, whose features, as he sat with his back toward the window, I could not make not. "I don't know him from this side," I said to myself, "but he seems to be on capital terms with the squire. What if I have made a mistake?" And then I remembered the pistol in the holster and was comforted.

Making my way round to the back again. I entered without ceremony and, going noiselessly along the passage, paused for a moment at the dining room door. There I halted and looked in, and in the rapid glance I shot at the handsome trooper, who was evidently the life and soul of the party, I recognized by peculiarities of features which Foster had described to me the man I was after, the redoubtable George himself. I took in the situation in an instant. "By jingo," I grinned to myself, "isn't he a daisy? What magnificent cheek!"

Just then—of course it happened in much less time than it takes to tell—the squire saw me and jumped up with a loud outcry. "Sergeant Sparks!" he roared, upsetting his chair in the fervor of his hospitable greeting. "Brayo! Are there any more of you? We'll have the whole force here presently. Come and have some dinner. That's right." And he pushed me into a chair opposite the stranger, whose behavior ever since my entrance I had carefully watched out of the corner of my eye. I must say it was remarkable. His face never changed at all, only I noticed that as the squire called out my name his hand dropped from the level of the table to his belt. That was all. Otherwise he sat perfectly still, and then seeing that I took no manner of notice of him he resumed his dinner and nodded pleasantly as the squire—good easy man, with no notion of "treason, plots and strategems"—introduced us to one another.

"You won't know Merton, I expect, sergeant," he said. "He's from the Melbourne side on special duty."

Now bluff is a game that two can play at, and besides I didn't want bullets flying round while the ladies were in it, so I answered quietly: "Indeed. Secret service?"

"Oh, dear no!" said my soi disant comrade in an extremely pleasant voice and with an amount of manner which, if he really were "Gentleman George," plainly showed how he came by his sobriquet. "Oh, dear, no! not at all. I'm out after 'Gentleman George,' who skipped from our side after that shooting affair at Rose wood lately."

I wasn't ready for that, I confess, but I managed to keep a straight face as I replied: "Are you really? Then we can look him up together, for I am out after him, too."

"Gad?" said the squire, "he shouldn't get very far with two such chaps as you after him."

"Ah," said my opposite neighbor, "I've heard of the prowess of Sergeant Sparks. Who hasn't? I think we ought to be sure of our man. Two hundred and fifty apiece sergeant, eh?" And he looked at me and laughed.

"Yes," I admitted carelessly, "if we get him. But I don't seem to hear the money jingling in my pockets yet anyway. Do you know George by sight?" I continued, not looking at him as I poured out a glass of claret.

"Rather," he returned, laughing again, "Do you?"

"Unfortunately no," I answered. "I've only a somewhat imperfect description to go upon. However, with your help"——

"And your own well known cleverness," he complimented.

"Thanks," I said, smiling in a pleased fashion. "Well, we shall see. Have you been here long?" I added.

"No; I rode up just about dinner time, and Mr. Ingram insisted on my stopping. I bunked at Waratah last night."

Fatal error! I lowered my eyes that he might not see the triumph that shone in them. Waratah was a station some five and twenty miles away, and I had spent the previous night there myself. I was certain of him now, but it was no part of my plan to let him see it.

The conversation grew general again, and I will say a better table companion than Merton I never met. He laughed and jested, told a score of excellent yarns and certainly no one could have suspected that he sat there with a price upon his head and within a foot or two of a man who was sworn to take him dead or alive. I must admit I admired the fellow; he was so cool.

Presently there came a lull in the flow of talk, and Merton rose from the table. What a remarkabiy handsome man he was and what a splendid chest and shoulders! I was not by any means a chicken myself, but I felt if we came to grips he would have the best of me. Therefore I determined not to give him the chance.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ingram," he said, "I'll just take a look at my horse and be bo back again directly."

"Do you think of going on at once?" I inquiried.

"Well," he returned, "as I didn't know what might happen, I hung up my horse outside, but now that you have turned up I'll stable him for an hour or so while we discuss the best to do."

"Right you are," I said, while to myself I added. "Catch me letting you reach your horse, my fine fellow." Then I went on aloud. "I'll take the saddle off my beast as well."

By this time he had reached the door, from which a long and narrow passage led to the back entrance. I let him get a little way before I rose, for I wanted him well in front of me, and then, after a hurried whisper to Mr. Ingram, "Slt still, squire, whatever happens." I bounded into the passage after my quarry. He had not suspected I saw through him, it was evident, so I was on him with the muzzle of my revolver pressed against the back of his neck before he had time to turn even if it had occurred to him to do so. "Throw up your hands!" I cried in a low voice. "Quick or I'll drop you in your tracks."

He threw up his hands slowly. "You are mad," he said. "What do you mean?"

"I'll apologize afterward if I'm wrong," I answered. "Meantime keep up your hands." As I spoke I rapidly unclasped his belt, and threw it with the revolver in it as far behind me as I could. "Now," I said, "march straight on, and"—But the fight was not out of him by any means though I had him at such disadvantage. With extraordinary quickness he ducked, and then turning swiftly around he struck upward so fiercely at my right hand that the pistol exploded, the ball burying itself somewhere in the ceiling as the weapon sailed through the air and dropped some yards behind me, while at the same moment I received a blow on the chest, delivered with such tremendous strength that I reeled right back into the dinning room.

The moment I got to my feet I rushed after George, who had of course made good his escape by the back door and gained his horse. By the time I got outside he was off, and I saw him sailing over the slip rails like a bird.

"So long, Sparks, old man," he shouted to me. "You had a good try for it, but you won't collar the 500 this bout."

"Won't I?" I yelled after him wrathfully as I flung myself on my horse. "What's up?" roared the squire, rushing madly out. "Gentleman George," I howled back as I popped over the slip panels and raced away over the flat on the bushranger's track.

George knew all about riding, I soon saw for short as was the start he had got he made the most of it. We kept the same distance between us for about 10 miles, and then, though I knew the pace was too hot to last, yet George's horse was fresher than mine, and I saw that I was losing ground.

"I must stop him," I muttered. "If once he reaches the Long Scrub, he'll dismount and get clear away." So I shouted, "Halt, George, or I'll fire." I don't know whether he heard me or not, for he kept straight on so I let drive at him. It seemed to me that he swayed a little in his saddle, but I could not be certain, and only those who have tried it know how difficult a thing it is to hit a mark when one is going at racing pace. Presently he reached for his hoister and drew out the revolver I had replaced. He saw in a moment what had been done, and flinging the weapon aside with a violent gesture he rode on for dear life.

And now the edge of the Long Scrub came into sight. I drove the spurs into my horse and sent him along for all he was worth. George head my cries of encouragement, looked round once as a second bullet from my revolver whistled over his head, or buried itself in his body, I could not tell which, and with a yell of defiance urged his horse into a yet more furious gallop.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the scrub and the pace was tremendous. The strain was telling fearfully on both horses, and it was evident that neither of them had much more running left in him. George's was laboring fearfully, despite the savage spurring of his rider, while my own faithful roan was sobbing with distress as he struggled gamely, but in vain, to overtake his fellow, and now the goal was very near, and still George thundered on. Would he beat me? I ground my teeth together and called on my horse for one last effort. Gallantly the poor brute responded, and I felt him spring beneath me as he put all his noble heart into the struggle. Hurrah! I was gaining. But, oh, how slowly! It was a question of time, of endurance, and—ha! look at George! Was I blind with excitement, or was he reeling in his saddle? Nearer and dearer—five minutes more and he will be there. Three are gone—four—he is there! And then for one moment I seemed to see him sway from side to side—the next, I was hurled through the air like a bolt from a bow, as my horse putting his foot in a treacherous hole, came headlong to the ground.

For some moments I lay there stunned, and then, struggling again into consciousness, I tried to rise. But it was no use; my left leg was broken, and I sank back with a groan. Fifty yards away I saw George supporting himself on one elbow and looking at me.

"Are you hit, George?" I called out.

"Yes," he answered, "somewhere in the shoulder. I lost so much blood I couldn't keep my seat. What's wrong with you?"

"Leg," I replied laconically. "Surrender, George."

He laughed. "What, to a man with a game leg? Not I. Beside, what for? You would nurse my wound well again and then hang me. No, no; I know a trick worth two of that," And he began te crawl slowly and painfully toward a point some where to my right, not, to my surprise, in the direction of the scrub. I watched him for a moment or two as he dragged himself laboriously along. "What are you at?" I shouted at last puzzled at his behavior. He never answered, but with his eyes fixed apparently on some object which I could not see, held straight on his course, his breath coming and going in deep, shuddering sighs from the dreadful effort the exertion cost him,

Whatever can this game be? I wondered, as screwing myself round with difficulty I followed the direction of his intent gaze. I saw it all now! What a fool I had been not to think of it before! Plainly out lined against a tussock of grass by which it had fallen lay my relvover, which had been jerked out of my hand as I fell. That was what George was making for.

I wasted no time in words, you may be sure. I wasn't going to lie there to be shot like a dog and, cursing my own folly, I started to crawl toward the revolver on my own account. I had somewhat the best of him even now, for though George was a little nearer the tussock than I was yet he was dreadfully weak, and more than once he fell over one side, laboring painfull for breath. But, oh! it was torture for me. Lines of redhot fire ran up and down my leg, and my heart ached with the intensity of the pain.

The agony was horrible, and over and over again I stopped and sank groaning on my face. But the dreadful issue at stake nerved me, and I held on. I glanced at George and shuddered, for he was awful to behold. His right arm hung useless by his side, but with his left hand he clutched the grass or dug his nails into the soil as he dragged himself along or sank upon his stomachs and wriggled forward like a great snake. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead and rolled down his cheeks. His teeth were set, and his face, deadly pale from loss of blood, wore a look of fierce determination as he rallied after each desperate effort.

All at once, in the midst of that ghastly crawl, I heard the sound of hoofs far away I never looked round, but I knew what it meant, and a thrill of hope shot through me.

"Give it up, George," I cried breathless ly. "The squire and his men are coming. You've no show, even if you do shoot me." Not a word said George, only he kept straight on. Nearer and nearer came the thunder of the galloping horses, and nearer—I could hear the squire's shout borne faintly through the clear air. Nearer still, and my heart began to throb exultantly as I realized I was the closer to the goal, when all of a sudden I felt as if all the pain in the world had concentrated itself in my leg. I could not go on, and for one moment at least I had to lie still, and that moment gave George the advantage, for as I looked up again he had reached the revolver. But the terrible strain he had undergone overcame him, and in the very act he sank swooning to the ground.

Another instant and it would have been in my grasp, when, with a dying effort, George writhed forward. Our hands met with a shock, before I could seize his wrist he snatched the revolver, and with a gigantic heave rolled over out of reach and lay still. Groaning with pain, I slewed myself around. The squire and his men were not far away now and coming on like demons. If I could only reach George before he revived! But it was useless. Exhausted nature gave way, and I sat still and despairing.

On came the squire, shouting like mad. In a moment we should be surrounded. In a moment the danger would be past. Hurrah! I tried to shout, but my parched throat refused its office, and the word died away in a cracked shriek. On thundered the squire—a couple of hundred yards more and—Just then George stirred heaved a long, shuddering sigh and sat bolt upright, the blood gushing from his mouth and nose, and the revolver tightly clasped in his hands.

I saw it was all up and steadied myself, determined to meet my fate like a man. Behind me I heard the squire. In front of me sat George holding the revolver and looking deathly as he swayed unsteadily to and fro.

Suddenly he spoke, roused by the shouts that were now almost in our ears. "I'm done for," he gasped. "If it were only you I'd have a break for freedom. but there are too many. Look here, sergeant, I was born a gentleman—I've come down a good deal—but I'll die like one! You shan't put the rope round my neck! You shan't!" He raised the revolver to his head, and then catching sight of my amazed face he lowered it again and broke into a gurgling laugh. "Why, bless you, sergeant," he said, "it was for myself—not for you. So long! So—There was a sharp report, and even as the squire leaped from his reeking horse and rushed forward "Gentleman George" fell on his face and lay still—still forever this time.

Yes, they took me back to Toomburra and nursed my leg well again and I got the reward; but somehow whenever I remember George I am glad he got hold of the revolver first.—Chambers' Journal.

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Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Rev. Robert Erksine Wright, the new rector of the St. John's Episcopal church, preached his first regular sermon before that society last Sunday, July 16.

—The managers of the World's Fair have decided to close the doors on Sunday because the patronage on that day is not enough to make it pay to keep them open.

—The Milton and Bloomsburg base ball teams want to join the River League. Their application will be considered at a meeting of the League to be held at Williamsport soon.

—Thieves entered the house of William Irwin, near Jacksoville, one day last week and stole 52 dollars in money with other valuables. No clue to the burglars has been found.

—Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, E. C. Humes, president of the First National Bank, and William Humes, one of the directors of the bank, are seeking health and pleasure at Bedford Springs.

—The Lutheran Sunday school of Pine Grove Mills will hold a picnic in the Ard grove near that place on Saturday, July 22. In the evening there will be a festival the proceeds of which will go to replenish the Sunday school library.

—Last Wednesday lightning struck a barn belonging to Samuel Gingher, near Martha Furnace, and burned it to the ground, together with 60 bushels of wheat hay, straw and farming implements. The stock was got out. No insurance.

—The Bellefonte School Board voted at its last meeting to purchase new slate black-boards for the brick school house. They will purchase 365 lineal feet, four feet wide and three eights of an inch thick, the cost is to be 18 cents per square foot.

—A portly and well-to-do looking couple were guests at the Ward House on Thursday evening. They arrived in this country only a few days ago and went to Port Matilda to visit their son. They soon tired of America and were on their way back to France.—*Tyrone Times.*

—The Logan Steam Fire Company hold a picnic at Hunter's Park to-day. Large crowds from this and adjoining towns are present. This afternoon many of the stores in Bellefonte are closed so that the proprietors and clerks can attend and enjoy the day with the fire laddies.

—We were pleased to receive a call last Saturday from our old friend and former local Editor, Alva S. Grow, of Lock Haven, now register and Recorder of Clinton county. He is a strong republican and a good fellow, as is evinced by the fact that he was elected to so important a position in a strong democratic county like Clinton.

—The editor of *The Gazette* says in his "That" column "That a common brick weighs but four pounds, but we have some bricks in Bellefonte that are worn in the hat that you would imagine weighed a ton." That may be so; we would not pretend to be as good a judge of the weight of bricks in the hat as the editor of the *Gazette*.

—Miss Minnie Reeser, who lives on Buffalo Run near Hunter's Park, while picking cherries last Wednesday, fell from the tree a distance of about thirty feet to the ground. The cause of the accident was the breaking of the limb on which she was standing. She was badly bruised and fears were expressed that she might be injured internally.

—On last Monday afternoon, at her home in Howard, at half past four in the afternoon, Mrs Elizabeth Meese passed to the land of spirits. She was 80 years old and was much beloved by all that knew her. She was the mother of John Meese, of this place. A faithful christian and a member of the Methodist church. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock.

—Paul McGarvey, a lad about seven years old, while at play in front of Crider's Exchange last Thusday evening in running under an iron rail between two hitching posts hit his head against the rail cutting an ugly gash in his forehead. He was taken into Zeller's drug store by William McClellan where his hurt was dressed, when Mr. McClellan took him to his home on Lamb street.

—As George Shilling, who works for P. B. Crider & Son, was riding a mule past the residence of John P. Harris, on Linn street, last Friday at the noon hour, the animal got frightened at something and threw him off. He was badly cut in the head and otherwise hurt. He was taken into the office of Dr. Edith Harris near by, where his wounds were attended to in a skillful manner.

—There were five bidders who contested for the contract to build the new hotel at State College, which terminated in its being awarded to Samuel Gault, of Bellefonte, who is to do all the work from foundation stone to turret. He will begin work at once and expects to complete the building by Christians time. The hotel is to cost about twenty thousand dollars and is being built by a company of which James Potter, of Bellefonte, is one.

THE RIVER LEAGUE.

The Demorests Made a Wringer on Their Trip Last Week—Milton and Bloomsburg Want to Join the League—Tyrone is Out This Week—Standing of the Clubs.

Last week was a great week for the Sewing Machine boys. They started the ball rolling at Renovo on Tuesday and it never stopped until after the game in this place on Thursday, which resulted in a complete wringer, putting the Demorests at the head of the list. The Renovo game was won by the score of 4 to 3. Tyrone, 12 to 5, and Bellefonte 6 to 1. All games were won by the superior batting of the Demorests and the inability of their opponents to hit Case, Demorests' "terrible" left-handed twirler.

THE GAME IN BELLEFONTE.

About six hundred people witnessed the game in this place last Thursday. The Bellefonte team was first at the bat, and Hogan got his base on balls. Through an error of the first baseman, a stolen base, a sacrifice and a wild throw to second Hogan crossed the home plate and scored the only run made. The Demorests scored two in the first, two in the sixth and two in the seventh. The visiting team made twelve hits off Hodson while Bellefonte got only three off of Case's delivery. This fact accounts for the result of the game, as Bellefonte's fielding was superior to that of the visitors. The most brilliant plays of the game was Hogan's base running and his wonderful long-run catch in Centre field. Bellefonte might have done better had they not tried so many sacrifice hits, on which they invariably got left. The score by innings:

Bellefonte,.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Demorests.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	x	—6

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

The standing of the clubs in the River League up to date is as follows:

	WON	LOST	P.C.	P'L'D	TO PLY
Demorests...	4	1	.800	5	17
Renovo.....	1	1	.500	2	20
Tyrone.....	1	2	.333	3	19
Bellefonte...	1	3	.250	4	18

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND.

From this out Bellefonte will play ball.

The Milton and Bloomsburg clubs want to join the League.

Bellefonte must have the game with Tyrone this afternoon.

To win the pennant Bellefonte is in need of better ball pounders.

Tyrone this week plays the Demorests on Tuesday, Renovo Wednesday, and the Bellefonte team Thursday.

All the games so far have been well patronized, the crowds in attendance footing up from six to eight hundred.

Hogan jumped his contract with the home team last Saturday evening and went to join Scranton, of the State League.

Hodson has at last taken his departure and gone to join with Harrisburg. If he does as poor work for the "Senators" as he did in Bellefonte they will be "sorry that they spoke."

THE NEW SCHEDULE.

Milton and Bloomsburg have been admitted into the River League. Hard Harris, of Bellefonte; R. N. Roberts, Renovo; Claude Jones, Tyrone; S. H. Harmon, of Bloomsburg and J. I. Allen, of Milton, the gentlemen composing the schedule committee, met in Williamsport Tuesday night and arranged the following schedule for the remainder of the season:

Tyrone—At Bellefonte July 20, August 19, September 8; at Renovo August 15, September 7; at Williamsport August 16, September 4; At Bloomsburg August 17, September 5; at Milton August 18, September 6.

Renovo—At Bellefonte July 26, August 23, September 20; at Tyrone July 27, August 22, September 19; at Williamsport July 25, August 26, September 23; at Milton August 24, September 21; at Bloomsburg August 25, September 22.

Bellefonte—At Tyrone August 5, September 2; at Renovo August 3, August 31 at Williamsport August 2, August 30; at Milton July 31, August 28; at Bloomsburg August 1, August 29.

Demorests—At Tyrone August 10, Sept. 14; at Bellefonte August 11, Sept. 15; at Renovo August 9, Sept. 13; at Bloomsburg August 7, Sept. 11; at Milton August 8, Sept. 12.

Milton—At Tyrone August 3, August 31; at Bellefonte August 4, Sept. 1; at Renovo August 2, August 30; at Williamsport August 5, Sept. 2; at Bloomsburg July 29, August 26.

Bloomsburg—At Tyrone August 8, Sept. 12; at Bellefonte August 9, Sept. 13; at Renovo August 10, Sept. 14; at Williamsport August 12, Sept. 16; at Milton August 11, Sept. 15.

—We have nothing to say in particular about the much talked of cow law lately passed by the borough council, but its defenders talk much about the fact as they call it, viz., "that there is not a town of the size and importance of Bellefonte in the state where the cows are allowed to run at large in the streets." We do not beleive this is true, for you have not to go further than Tyrone to find just such a town, and if you keep on to Hollidaysburg, the county seat of Blair county, you will find another. It is easy to make assertions to bolster up a pet scheme, but the facts will not bear out in this case.

—The Methodist Sunday school picniced at Hunter's Park last Thursday. Of course there was a large crowd, as there always is. The River League base ball association took this occasion to play a matched game which was witnessed by about 700 people. The Bellefonte club got left in the contest 6 to 1 in favor of the Demorests, of Williamsport. The day was warm and free from rain until the middle of the afternoon, when there were two right smart showers. The crowd returned home, arriving in Bellefonte about six oclock in the evening.

TAKING A REST.

The county commissioners have given much time during the past two weeks to superintending the erection of a couple of toy fountains in the court house yard which, with the plumbing and attachments, will cost the county upwards of one thousand dollars. Tired with their arduous duties one of them started last Monday evening on a trip to Chicago to enjoy a breeze from off the great lakes and take in the wonders of the great fair. He will no doubt see fountains there that will make the diminutive specimens which he, with the others, put in a prominent place in Centre county's capital look very cheap. Would it not be a good plan for the balance of the board to go the great show? It might give them broader ideas of life and its responsibilities; it might strengthen their understanding, quicken their dormant energies and, if such a sight can work a miracle or "make a silk purse of a pig's ear," it might make men out of them, so that when they are re-elected to serve the dear people another term they may be better fitted to perform their duties, or fix the taxable value of a horse, a cow, a hog, or a farm. Then, of course they can be spared now; they need not stay at home to look after their political fences. "They are all honorable men," and of course are entitled to a second term, even if some of them did say at the last election for commissioners, "one term was enough." These things are forgotten when said by popular candidates, whom the people delight to honor and serve. We say by all means, gentlemen, go to the world's fair and learn something about fountains, and when you come home tear out the two little toys you have and put in some worth about twenty five thousand dollars. You can afford to do this in your last term, you know; and you have just the gall to do it.

CENTRE COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

Out of over eight hundred professing christians in Bellefonte about 40, including all the ministers, gathered in the Court House one evening last week to establish a Bible society in this county, the object of which shall be to place the Bible in every home in Centre county. Rev. W. A. Houck was chairman and Rev. Miles O. Noll secretary of the meeting. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Laurie, D. D., after which Dr. Morrow, of Philadelphia, secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible society, was introduced. He has given a great part of his life to this work and his remarks were listened to with great interest by the small audience. An organization was then effected by the choise of Dr. George Atherton, of State College, as president; Rev. Miles O. Noll, pastor of the Reformed church, secretary and F. W. Crider, of Bellefonte, treasurer. The presidents are Gen. James A. Beaver, Bellefonte; D M Wolf, Spring Mills; C L Gramley, Rebersburg; Ed Tyson, Philipsburg and H T Lucas, Howard. The Board of managers will consist of Mrs. W H Wilson of the Presbyterian church; Mrs. Hastings, of the Methodist church; Mrs. Frank Stover, of the Lutheran church; Mrs. Rote and John Waite, of the United Brethren church; Newton S Bailey, of the Episcopal church; H, Y. Stitzer, of the Lutheran church; W F Reeder, Esq., of the Methodist church; E C Humes, of the Presbyterian church; Jared Harper and C M Bower, Esq., of the Reformed church; James and D S Michtly.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Joshia Stahl, and Emma Harr, both of Philipsburg; A. L. Davidson, of Clearfield Co., and Isabella Winter, of Hawk Run; Andrew Tobizas, and Mary Starhic, both of Snow Shoe; Henry Lingle, and Sadie Confer, both of Potter twp; Harry W. Johnson of Bellefonte, and Anna E. Miller, of Spring twp; George W. Karstetter, of Lewisburg, and Ollie Tripple, of Bellefonte; J. E. D. Huffman of Williamsport, and E. Gertrude Spigelmeyer, of Bellefonte; Wilson Bilger, of Pleasant Gap and Fannie Guisewite, of Centre Hall; Erancis Curtis, of Orlando and Annie Switzer, of Philipsburg; Wm. M. Houser, of Benore, and Lettie Houtz, of Harris twp; Fred G. Schiele and Viola M. Hall, both of Philipsburg; John G. Brown and Jane Sommerville, both of Philipsburg; William R. Comer and Viola B. Chatman, both of Trumbull Co., Ohio; John I. Huss and Carrie M. Schreckengast, both of Linden Hall, Pa; Charles Stranberg and Catharine Harker, both of Altoona, Pa; H. C. Harris, of Tyrone, and S. M. Lewis of Benore, Centre Co.

PAY DAY ON THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

The employees on the new railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall received their monthly pay last Saturday. There were 500 men and many teams to be paid on that day and the amount paid to these men made quite a noticeable gain in the amount of business done at the various stores in Bellefonte. At the Eureka Grocery much of this money has been spent, keeping the clerks at that place very busy ever since. Hundreds of dry goods packages were also left at this store by their customers to wait for the several trains, being near the station, their customers find it a very handy place for such accommodation.

BELLEFONTE COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the Bellefonte borough council was held last Monday evening. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. A number of bills were presented which were not in regular form and payment on them was deferred until they were made to agree with the ordinance which requires them to be signed by the chairman of the committee which ordered the work done. A petition was presented from the residents of East High street, asking for the extension of the water along that street and agreeing, if this was done, to use the water and pay their proportion of tax. It was voted that the three inch pipe on Bishop street be taken up and a four inch pipe substituted. Mr. Garman, from South ward, moved thrt bids be asked for taking up the old and furnishing the new pipe, laying it, filling up the ditch—about 900 feet, about 450 feet of digging, laying of the three inch pipe on Wilson street, and the laying of the new pipe on East High street, to connect with the pipe on Wilson street. Agreed to. Councilman Bauer, of the South ward, reported East Bishop street in a bad condition and asked that it be put in good order. Mr. Hillibish, from the West ward, reported repairs to water pipes and removal of two hydrants. Mr. C. T. Gerberich, from the West ward, complained of too much lounging on the board walk along Water street, from High street to Waite & Co's Carriage Works. The matter was referred to the Burgess in order that he, through his police, might have the nuisance abated. John Miller, from the north ward, chairman of market committee, reported the market receipts for the past two weeks at $10.20. He also reported that the chairman of the street committee had gotten into an altercation with some ladies who were attending the market and intimated that the market was able to attend to its own affairs without any help from the street committee. The following bills were approved and ordered paid

Water pay roll	$46.38
Keystone Gazette, printing	8.04
Street pay roll	32.23
Daniel Irvin & Son, street supplies	4.10
Police pay roll	32.60
Thomas Shaughnessy, 2 wks market col	1.00
High Constable Piper	1.25
Isaac Mitchell, making Dup	20.00

BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade held a meeting in the court house last Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. In the afternoon circulars were distributed all over town to remind the people of the meeting. About fifty persons were present. Temporary chairman George Potter presided. Clement Dale, temporary secretary, was present to perform his duties. James Strohm who was elected permanent secretary sent in his resignation and Clement Dale was elected to fill the vacancy. The committee to secure names reported that they had secure ninety-two signatures and would have got a hundred but some of the parties they wanted to see were out of town. It was voted that the secretary send a notice to each applicant for membership asking that they pay at once to him the entrance fee of five dollars. Permanent chairman James Harris was present but declined to take charge of the meeting that evening. The committee on by laws failed again to report for which there appears to be no good reason. If these men mean business it is about time they get about it. It need not take an hour to write up a code of by-laws for such an organization. Of course they should be short, plain and to the point. The tardiness of this committee seems to paralyze all efforts to effect a permanent organization. In view of this fact Mr. Hammond Sechler moved an adjournment for one week to wait for this report. To show what there mayibe in the list of names that the committee has secured, when our reporter was leaving the meeting he was told by one of these men, "I am on that paper, but I am not on it for five dollars. They asked me if I was in favor of the movement and I said I was and signed the paper without looking at it." A man should always look at what he is signing. Of course, with the heading that is on that paper it could be collected, if this organization should attempt to proceed according to law.

BOROUGH TAXES.

The value of Bellefonte borough for taxable purposes is $1,443,174. The entire tax, including all taxes, $19,996,94. The water tax is $4,120,50. The taxes have not varied $500,00 from this amount for the last twenty years, and if a proper valuation were placed on some of our most valuable properties the millage might be very materially reduced and the burden of county tax that much lifted from the backs of the farmers. But the people of the county have persistently elected a set of commissioners who, as soon as they get here, become the tools of designing men and, even against the protest of our local assessors, reduce the valuation set by our local officers upon some of our most valuable properties to a ridiculously low figure. We might refer to a number of such cases, but what good would it do? The voters will go on, no doubt, electing men to this responsible position who will pay no regard to the interest of the people outside of Bellefonte, or the moderately poor within its borders. We have a board of commissioners now two of whom live in Bellefonte and the other might as well do so, for he is always here; and we do not doubt that the people will nominate these men to serve them again, so that Bellefonte will have two resident commissioners in the next three years. No doubt, to pull the wool over the eyes of the people, these men will claim to hail from their old homes, but you might as well take all your officers out of this borough and so credit them to different towns and townships over the county, as might suit to give your ticket the proper distribution as to locality. Well, we shall see what we shall see.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Will Keller, of Washington, D. C., is now visiting his father, Col. D. S. Keller, of Bellefonte.

Miss Agnes Hull, of this place, after visiting friends in Lock Haven and Howard returned home on Saturday morning and reported having a good time.

Miss Nellie Boal, a native of this town but now living at Washington, D. C., is visiting her many friends. She is stopping at the residence of E. C. Humes.

Miss Gorgia Daggett has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Daggett, at the Bush House, for the past three weeks. Last Friday a dance was given in her honor.

Earl C. Tuten is carrying mail this week on the north route in place of T. R. Benner, who is taking a vacation beside the murmuring sea and a bath in the salt sea waves at Atlantic City. Earl seems to be giving complete satisfaction to the people by the faithful performance of his arduous duties.

Miss Dora G. White, started on a trip west and some people said she had gone on a bridal trip the young lady has learned of this story and writes a letter home denying the "soft impeachment she wants the good people of Unionville to understand that she is still single. Dora is a beautiful and intelligent young woman and we doubt not many a young man will be glad to know she is still in the matrimonial market.

DEATH OF MRS. HUNTER.

Three weeks ago we chronicled the serious illness of Mrs. Mary Hunter, of Buffalo Run, and this week it is our painful duty to report her death, which occurred at her home last Friday morning at seven o'clock.

She was the widow of the late Benjiman Hunter, a prominent democratic politician of the county and who represented his county in the state legislature. Her maiden name was Nancy Corl. Her age is 59 years. She leaves seven children—Robert Hunter, of Bellefonte; Dorsey, Austin, Craig and Miss Mamie, who live at home. Rachel, married to Robert Henderson, of Buffalo Run. She also leaves two brothers and one sister, viz., Joseph Corl, of Winnebago, Ill., Robert Corl, of Linden Hall, this county, and Mrs. William Foster, of State College. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, an earnest, faithful christian woman, who has left many dear and loving friends to mourn her death. The funeral took place from her late home last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Burial at Meyer's cemetery.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. FULTON.

Some time ago Mrs. Benjamin Fulton, of Logan street, was reported sick with dropsy and the physicians advised her to submit to an operation for her relief. To this she refused to give her consent. About two weeks ago she gave birth to twins and it was thought by her friends that she would get well, but last Saturday the word spread over the town that she was dying and she died about eight o'clock in the evening, the cause of her death, it is said, being dropsy of the heart. She leaves a husband and several children. Sadie, who is married to Mr. Whittaker, Walter, Clayton and the infant twins. The funeral took place Monday afternoon at three o'clock and was attended by a large number of friends and relatives. The funeral procession was nearly a mile long. She was buried at Curtin's works.

DEATH OF WILLIAM POTTER.

William Potter, the colored Porter at Irvin's hardware store, died last Friday night. He had been employed at this store for many years, was steady and industrious, a member of the Presbyterian church, and tried to live an honest, consistent life. He had been in bad health for several months. Two weeks before his death his case became serious, he lost control of his limbs and his mind wandered. He was 61 years old; was born at Potters Mills. He leaves a wife and family of children some of which are quite young. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the house, Rev. William Laurie, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. The pall bearers were Jacob Williams, William Sanders, Alfred Stewart, Edmund Overton, Thomas Taylor and G. Thomas.

—A harvest home picnic is to take place on Saturday, July 22, at Colby's Gap. The Millheim band will furnish music. The place has been put in order and is said to be now a beautiful park.

MARRIED.

At the Presbyterian church in Bellefonte on Wednesday, July 12, by Rev. William Laurie, D. D., J. E. D. Huffman, of Williamsport, to E. Gertrude Spigelmyer, of Bellefonte.

A large gathering of people crowded into the church to witness the ceremony which was performed a little after half-past seven o'clock in the evening. Prof. W. T. Meyer presided at the organ and filled the large temple with the beautiful strains of Lohegrin's wedding march. The ushers were James Harris, Jerome Harper, George Bayard, of Bellefonte; and Harry Renninger. Charles and Joseph DuFour, of Williamsport. The bridal party entered by the centre door or main entrance, and as they marched up the broad aisle and arranged themselves at the altar were closely scrutinized by all. The ceremony was short and when the benediction was pronounced the procession passed out of church, led by the bride and groom, and took a carriage to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R, G. Spigelmyer, on Penn street.

Before the ceremony, at about five o'clock in the evening, relatives and near friends gathered at the house and partook of an elegant wedding supper prepared by first class caterers. Flowers were on the table in profusion and everything was in first class style. After the supper they repaired to the church and after the ceremony returned to the house again, where the bride and groom prepared themselves to take the evening train which leaves Bellefonte station at about nine o'clock. When they were ready to go they were escorted to their carriage from which the horses were detached and were drawn to the station by a team of young fellows, amid the blowing of horns and general joyousness. At the station they were met by a large circle of their friends who had gathered to see them off. They will reside at 228 West Third street, Williamsport, and will be at home to their friends on and after August 1. We wish them a long, happy and prosperous life.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The following are the Officers of Bellefonte Castle, No. 357, of Bellefonte for the ensuing six months' term:

P. C.—Milton Johnson.
N. C.—T. W. Barnhart.
V. C.—I. A Gibson.
H. P.—Samuel Shirk.
V. H.—John Garbrich Jr.
M. of R.—E. E. Ardeny.
C. of E.—A. Lukenbach.
K. of E.—J. I. McClure.
S. H.—A. V. Hamilton.
W. B.—A. Lukenbach.
W. C.—John Yearick.
Ensign—Alvin Stover.
Esquire—C. C. Bell.
F. G.—Jacob Shirk.
S. G.—H. C. Shaffer.
Trustee—H. K. Hoy M. D.

—The funeral of Mrs. Benjiman Fulton, last Monday afternoon was attended by the Patriotic Order Sons of America in a body. Mr. Fulton is a member of this organization and the brothers attended to show their sympathy and respect to an afflicted brother. The pall bearers were John Tate, Samuel Hampton, George Spicer, John Ayers, John Hockenbury, James Bigley, James Flack and Jerry Flack.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of Andrew Lytle, of College township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Henry Stevens as a candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County convention.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	68
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	45
Barley	48
Cloverseed, fair to good	8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9 60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Drie, sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	8
Keller Flour, per sack	1 25